

Autobiography
AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
Jonas Pettijohn.

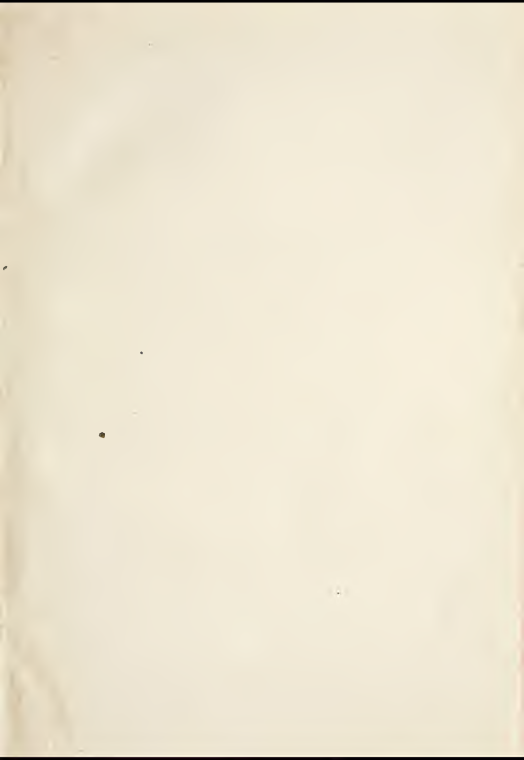
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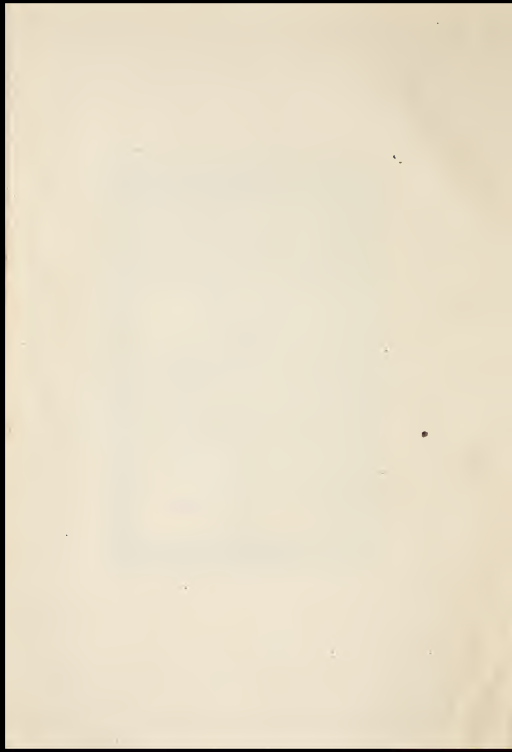
GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
GUATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHATAN	CORNPLANTER	BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSET	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	LITTLE TURTLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCEOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG	SEQUOYA	GERONIMO
	SHABONEE	



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND
EDWARD EVERETT AYER

AND PRESENTED BY HIM
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY, FAMILY HISTORY

—AND—

VARIOUS REMINISCENSES

—OF THE LIFE OF—

JONAS PETTIJOHN,

AMONG THE SIOUX OR DAKOTA INDIANS. HIS ESCAPE
DURING THE MASSACRE OF AUGUST, 1862.
CAUSES THAT LED TO THE MASSACRE.

BY JONAS PETTIJOHN.

RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO HIS CHILDREN, MRS. LAURA STEVENS,
ALBERT B. AND W. T. PETTIJOHN.

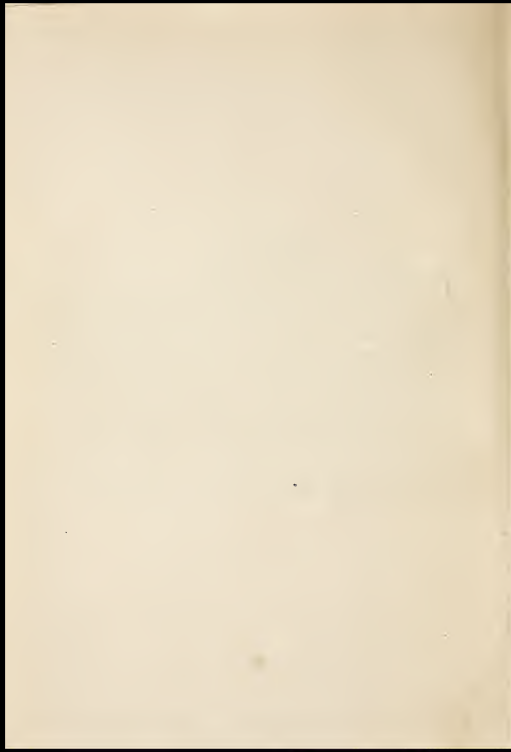
GREEN, KANSAS, AUGUST 1889,

CLAY CENTER, KANSAS.
DISPATCH PRINTING HOUSE.
1890.

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PREFACE.

IN attempting to write either an autobiography, or a more general family history, two difficulties present themselves at the very outset. First, to know what to write; and second, to know what not to write. To confine my writing exclusively to myself, would be considered egotism; and, on the other hand, if I attempt a general family history, it would be a work of so much latitude that I would scarcely know where to begin, or where to stop. Having no written family history to refer to (except a family record, copied from my mother's Bible) of our own individual family, and having but one or two acquaintances or kindred as old as myself to make inquiries of, it will be seen at a glance that I must of necessity, be almost entirely dependent upon my own memory.



CHAPTER I.

IF I have been rightly informed, my ancestors were originally from Wales. My great-grandfathers were both known by the name of Little and were brothers. I believe they were both born in Virginia. One of their names was Absalom Little, the other Abraham Little. In process of time each one of them raised a family. To Absalom Little was born a daughter whom they called Deborah. She married John Pettijohn. They raised quite a large family among whom was my father, Thomas Pettijohn. He was born in Virginia, December 14, 1780. He had brothers and sisters named as follows: Richard, James, John, Edward, Hester and Comfort. They all married and some of them had large families.

To Abraham Little a daughter was born whom they called Constant, or Constance. She married William Pettijohn. They too, raised quite a large family. Among others was Ruth Pettijohn, my mother, born June 24, 1784. She had brothers and one sister named as follows: Mary, Amos, John, William, Abraham and Isaac. They, as well as my father's brothers and sisters were born in what is now West Virginia.

My grandfathers, John and William Pettijohn, were not brothers that I know, but just what akin they were I am unable to ascer-

tain. My grandmothers were cousins, as you already know. They were as unlike in disposition as you could well imagine. Grandmother Deborah was one of those charitably disposed persons that would find an excuse for the shortcomings of children, and grown people too, if there were any to be found. Grandmother Constance was one of those blunt kind of people that believed in dealing out even handed justice to evil doers, without troubling herself very much about mitigating circumstances. My father's children were divided a good deal on that ancestral line.

Grandfather William died in Virginia and grandmother Constance was married to Daniel Job before leaving Virginia. Father and mother were married in Virginia, August 30, 1802. Their children were born and named as follows: Samuel was born June 15, 1803; Huldah was born December 17, 1804; Boaz was born August 27, 1806; Ruth was born October 4, 1808; Elias S. was born May 6, 1810; Rhoana was born February 12, 1812; Jonas was born November 5, 1813; Amos was born October 3, 1815; Sarah was born November 13, 1817; Mary was born February 26, 1820; Titus was born September 14, 1821; Hannah was born August 12, 1823; Thomas was born March 2, 1825.

Father and mother in company with several other families came down the Ohio river on a flat-boat in the year of 1806, if I have been rightly informed. They settled in the beech woods in Highland county, Ohio. They were poor and must necessarily have had hard work to make a living for their young and increasing family. Game was plenty at that time in Ohio. There were some bear and an abundance of deer, turkeys, raccoons, opossums, squirrels, etc. I think my father was a successful hunter. He used to dress the deer skins, and make moccasins and pantaloons of them for his boys. Judging from the number

of acres he had cleared and fenced at the time of his death, I feel sure he must have been a hard working man.

Every farmer in those days kept sheep and raised flax. Of these they made nearly all of their own clothing. I think I was well along in my teens before I ever wore any other than a home-made flax linen shirt. I was not quite eleven years old when my father died. It appears to me now, although almost sixty-five years have passed, as though no boy ever felt worse standing by his father's grave than I did. Brother Samuel had just passed his twenty-first year of age when my father died and married soon after. Boaz, my next oldest brother was terribly afflicted with fits, caused, no doubt, by being kicked in the forehead by a horse when he was quite young. He used to dress a good share of our flax, but never worked any with a team. He read the bible a great deal and remembered it wonderfully well. He was naturally a mathematician. It was wonderful what problems he would solve without the help of slate or pencil. Your uncle Elias, my next eldest brother, was rather small for one of his age. He and I were the farmers after father's death. It was but little we could do towards supporting a large family. Mother would rent part of the farm and managed to keep her children all with her, except your aunt Ruth. She made her home with grandmother Job. Mother certainly had a hard row to hoe, as the saying is, to make a living for a family of so many small children. She was a good Christain woman and the widow's God was her God.

Right here I would say that my parents and grandparents were Presbyterians. My father was what is called a ruling elder in the White Oak Presbyterian church at the time of his death. I remember well that he used to have family worship. I remember only one expression in his prayers. That was, "Take away our hearts of stone and give us hearts of flesh." I was too young to

understand such language then, but can feel the force of it now. You will find the words in Ezekiel xxxvi, 26.

What education we got then our parents had to pay for out of their own pockets. The schools were what were then called subscription schools. The parent would sign so many scholars, at so much a scholar for the term, three, four or six months as the case might be. I think the teachers were generally somewhat favorable toward mother, as well as I can remember. They would say to her. "If you will sign so many, you may send all you have." Sometimes she would send five or six. I was almost grown before I ever heard of public money for schools.

As noticed above, brother Samuel married soon after father's death, and of course had to look out for himself. He lived two or three years in a house that was on part of the farm that I think father had bought a short time previous to his death. Your aunt Huldah was married to John Milton soon after your uncle Samuel was married. A notice of the marriages and deaths of the family will be given further on.

Both your uncle Samuel and your uncle John Milton used to rent part of the farm, and helped us along in this way. But they both had land of their own to improve in the beech woods, and felt obliged to be at it. It was no small job to clear out a farm in the beech woods in Highland county, Ohio. Not one cent could they make out of their timber. The only thing to be done with it was to pile it up and burn it.



CHAPTER II.

DURING all these years we have been passing over, everything was running down on our old farm. Buildings began to look dilapidated, fences going down and blackberry briars spreading themselves in every direction. In the summer and fall of 1833 I went to work in a field we always called the "long field." I think there were fourteen acres in it. The briars had monopolized the fence corners.* They had also extended in many places considerable distance into the field. I took a briar scythe and mattock and literally pitched into the briars and alders. I worked until I got the fence corners pretty well rid of both briars and alders. I then plowed the ground and sowed it in wheat. I think your uncle Elias was teaching school at that time, or he would have helped me. I believe it was conceded on all sides that that was the best field of wheat ever raised in that part of Highland county. I remember distinctly walking through the wheat field on my way home from meeting on Sabbath, February 23, 1834.

One word about the meeting house. It was a brick house some two miles from my mother's. Your mother and I used to listen to the same preacher, sing the same hymns and recite the

*Our fences were then built of rails, laid up in what we called a worm fence.

same Sunday School lesson long years before we were married, and possibly before we had ever thought of being married one to the other.

Monday, the 24th of February, 1834, I went to work, full of life and energy, making rails to repair some of our fences. I had cousin Daniel J. Pettijohn helping me. In felling an oak we lodged it in a beech. We cut into the beech only a little when it began to give way. We both started to run in the same direction. I ran, or attempted to at least, straight ahead of me without turning round. He wanted to run the course I was running as that course appeared to take us out of danger by taking only a few steps. In weeling to run we suppose his ax came around with a swing, the corner of it struck my knee and completely unjointed it. Neither of us saw how it was done, but suppose the above to be the correct philosophy of the transaction. I think men are somewhat scarce that have passed through such a siege and lived. Three months lying on my back, without being taken up for anything, except two or three times I was lifted and held in the hands of men while some little alteration was made in my bed. The suffering I endured no tongue can tell, no pen can portray. I think a mere fraction of the suffering I endured then, would take away my life now. I should consider myself an ungrateful wretch if I didn't express most sincere thanks to God, my Heavenly Father, for not only his watchful care over me, but also for causing me to have one of the best mothers any poor afflicted boy was ever blessed with. She was nothing less nor more than my guardian angel, during that terrible ordeal through which I passed. For three long, weary months my mother was by my bedside almost constantly, both day and night. After I got well I went to school some, common, back-woods, Ohio school and taught school some and worked on the old home farm some.

In the fall of 1836 David Pettijohn and I went to Kentucky and cut beech cord wood for the Cincinnati market. We were up on the Licking river some twelve miles from Cincinnati. The wood was to be taken down in a flat boat.

One word here as to who this David Pettijohn was. My uncle John Pettijohn married a woman that had a small boy when he married her. That boy's name was David. He naturally took the name of Pettijohn and I think it was all right and proper that he should. He afterwards married my sister Hannah.

David and I were cutting wood in Kentucky when the Presidential election took place in 1836. General W. H. Harrison was the Whig candidate, and Martin Van Buren the Democratic candidate. Some of my newly made Whig acquaintances in Kentucky prevailed on me to go to the election, telling me that a man was entitled to vote for President in any part of the United States. I didn't more than half believe them, but went all the same. I would say to the judges' credit that they treated me with the utmost respect but politely and rigidly declined to take my vote.

I chopped wood about two months and then went back home. I think it was in the latter part of this winter, 1836-7, that I got into a colored school as teacher, some fifty miles from home. It was in Ross county, some four miles north of Chillicothe. I boarded with a white man by the name of Thomas Junk. He was far from being an anti-slavery man, but was willing to board one. He had a son James that he was educating for the ministry. He was teaching in a private family that winter and was frequently at home. He and I liked each other very much. I remember he used to pitch into me for a kind of rough and tumble as we called it, and I think he generally came out second best. There was a terrible strong pro-slavery element in the neighborhood and threats of mobbing me. There were three

young men rode up near the school house one day and called me out. They heaped their anathemas on my head, but attempted no violence. I invited them in to see my school, assuring them that it was one of the nicest schools in the country. There was an old colored man living near the school house and I used to pass through his door yard in going to and from school. About the first of march he moved away and a white man moved into the house. He and the colored man were both renters. I, in my simplicity, went through the yard after the white man got possession. But he very soon told me positively that a "Nigger school master" couldn't go through his yard. Very well, I said, I will go round, it is only a little farther.

During the summer of 1837 I taught a colored school some three miles from home. I boarded with Robert Ewing, familiarly called "Uncle Bobby." I adjourned school during harvest, and made my hand reaping. I remember very well that it made me wet with sweat from head to foot; or, as Talmage would say, "from scalp to heel."



CHAPTER III.

I N the summer or fall of 1837 your uncle John Milton sold his farm in Highland county Ohio, and moved to Schuyler county, Illinois, and bought a farm in that county.

That same fall I met with an opportunity of trying my hand at an entirely new business, to me at least. I got employment as a peddler of oil-cloth table cloths, wages \$25.00 per month and expenses borne. I furnished my own horse and my employers furnished a buggy. The firm lived in Cincinnati and manufactured their goods there. I worked a month, but did not make much of a success. My impression now is that they offered to let me continue another month. I kept an account of each day's sales and expenses, so there was no difficulty in ascertaining the loss or gain. When I left them, instead of going back to my mother's as I could have done and received a hearty welcome, I bought a saddle and started to Illinois on horseback and alone.

Rev. Robert Rutherford, a Presbyterian preacher that had preached for us several years in Ohio, had settled in Edgar county, Illinois, a year or two before this. As I knew pretty near where he lived I hunted him up. He appeared glad to see me, and persuaded me to stay there during the fall and winter, it was the latter part of October. He lived only two or three

miles from the state line. He had a preaching place across the state line in Vermillion county, Indiana. I went over with him to his appointments two or three times; and partly through his help I got a subscription school for a term of four months at the rate of two dollars per scholar. I have forgotten how many scholars I had. There were several young men and young women among them. I boarded with an old gentleman by the name of James Andrews. He sent seven of his own children and had a hired man who went part of the time. The winter passed quite pleasantly. I believe my scholars all liked me quite well and I liked most of them. They had several dances around in the neighborhood that winter, but I never attended any of them. There were two special reasons for my not attending dances. First, I felt sure it would be a grief to my mother if she should hear of it and secondly, my stiff knee incapacitated me from dancing. I got the most of my pay for teaching but not all of it. I tried to sell my horse in the spring, intending to go back to Ohio by way of the Wabash and Ohio rivers. Money was scarce and I failed to sell, although I offered him very cheap. I finally concluded to strike off in another direction. Accordingly, some time in April, 1838, I started all alone on horseback to Wisconsin. The weather was very pleasant when I started, but turned terribly stormy in the northern part of Illinois, so that I felt obliged to house up several days. I don't remember now how many.

I will now go back in my history a little, or rather turn to the more general family history, and resume my own further on.



CHAPTER IV.

SOMETIME during the winter of 1887-8, our folks sold our old farm in Ohio, intending and expecting for us all, sooner or later, to settle together in Illinois. But such fond anticipations were never realized by any one of the family. Your uncle Elias, with his wife and child, now Mrs. Huldah Aikin, of Adrian, Illinois, started some time in April, 1838, with a wagon and team to Illinois. I don't know in what part of the state he expected to settle.

Mother, with her three youngest children, Titus, Hannah and Thomas, were left in Ohio, and were expected the next fall to follow Elias to wherever he should buy land. Cousin Isaac Pettijohn went with your uncle, and I believe he furnished one horse. They stopped at Mr. Rutherford's in Edgar county Illinois, expecting to find me there and have me accompany them. I had only been gone a few days when they got there. They were a good deal disappointed when they found I was gone, and I, too, was also disappointed when I heard of it. We had passed letters frequently during the winter, but for some reason, or from some cause, I had failed to understand all of their plans and calculations. I would gladly have remained in Edgar county until my brother came along if I had understood that he

wanted me to. I think it is seldom that brothers thought more of each other than we did. They went across the state to Schuyler county, but there being no government land there of any value, and there being an abundance of it in the central part of the state to be bought for \$1.25 per acre, your uncle left his wife and child at your uncle John Milton's, and he and Isaac Pettijohn went back to Shelby county, where your uncle bought four hundred acres of good land, paying \$500 in gold for it. There were two hundred and fifty acres of prairie and one hundred and sixty acres of timber. There was a small log house on the timber quarter, and into this house your uncle moved some time during the summer of 1838. There he and his wife died the same summer.

Fanny N. Pettijohn, wife of Elias S. Pettijohn, died August 23, 1838. Elias S. Pettijohn died August 26, 1838. As he died intestate, or in other words without a will, Huldah his infant and orphan daughter was, strictly speaking, his only heir. She was left there a poor little orphan among entire strangers. But we are assured the Lord will provide, and he did provide. A family by the name of Payne took Huldah and cared for her until her friends in Ohio went for her. Mr. Payne learned from some of your uncle's letters that his friends lived near Sardinia, Ohio, and wrote at once to some of them, giving them, as I suppose, full particulars of the sad occurrence. Cousin Lewis Pettijohn and your aunt Ruth Pettijohn started as soon as they could for Huldah. The whole journey had to be made with wagon and team. Lewis Pettijohn was a cousin of ours. His wife and your aunt Fanny, your uncle Elias's wife were sisters. Their name was Northcott, both born and raised in Kentucky. Your aunt Ruth, as you are aware, took Huldah and raised her. She gave her quite a respectable education. She did it all by hard work. When Huldah arrived at the age to

manage her own affairs, she went to Shelby county and straightened up the financial affairs of the estate, which had been lying there nearly twenty years without much oversight or care of any one. I don't really know all about how matters were adjusted, but I believe that Huldah acquitted herself honestly and honorably. She is now furnishing your aunt Ruth a good home, and I believe she does her best to make her life as comfortable as possible in her old age.

Before your aunt Ruth and Lewis Pettijohn got back to Ohio with Huldah, mother with her three youngest children, Titus, Hannah and Thomas, accompanied by your uncle Samuel Pettijohn and family and your uncle John Graham and wife, started with teams and wagons to Illinois. They expected to have met Lewis and your aunt Ruth on the road, but failed to do so.

Your uncle Samuel bought a farm in Edgar county, Illinois, in the neighborhood where I had been the winter before. I had the satisfaction of knowing that people spoke well of me. Mother, with her three youngest children, spoken of heretofore, and your uncle John Graham and wife, your aunt Rhoanna, went to Schuyler county. Mother bought forty acres of land joining your uncle John Milton. It was a rather rough forty, but was well worth all she gave for it. She had quite a comfortable log house on it when I wandered back there in 1839. The lower part of the chimney was built of stone, if I remember correctly, and the upper part of sod. Such chimneys were quite common there at that time.



CHAPTER V.

I WILL now resume my own personal history. During the time I was snowed in in northern Illinois, I sold my horse, intending to take stage to Wisconsin, but like Jonah of old, trouble awaited me. I knew but little about paper currency then, but was not long in learning a lesson, to my financial disadvantage. The money I got for my horse was what was called "wild-cat" money, and would neither pay stage fare nor hotel bills. I had walked fourteen miles, and waded a stream nearly waist deep and ice cold. And had staged it some considerable distance before I found that my money would't pay for my dinner out of its own state. And as mine was Michigan "wild-cat" currency I was financially swamped.

One word here on money matters. At that time we had no such thing as national currency in general circulation, except what gold and silver there was. The charter of the old United States bank had expired, and President Jackson vetoed every bill Congress passed establishing another similar one. Mr. Van Buren was now President and was closely following the political footsteps of his most illustrious predecessor. I think very few people nowadays, have any conception of the fluctuation, vexation and uncertainty of the financial condition of the country at that time,

and for a number of years following 1838. When I found out how matters stood with me, I was obliged to retrace my weary steps and call for my horse, or money, that I could travel on. The gentleman furnished me a few dollars of good money, and gave his note, with his father-in-law as security for the remainder. It being now a little more than fifty-one years since these things occurred, I have forgotten how much I got for my horse.

I started for Wisconsin with the intention of trying my hand at lead mining, but when I got to the mining regions and learned that there were so many failures and so few successes, I gave up the idea of trying the business. I engaged to work on a farm for \$18 per month. I got along very well with the family, but came near having difficulty with one of the hired men. He and I worked together a great deal. I could do, and did, as much work as he did at anything we went at, but he took it upon himself to boss me. I didn't like it from the start, but said little or nothing. One day we were alone in the timber, cutting and hauling wood; he commenced his bossing, and cursed me a few times. I came to the conclusion that it was time for that kind of business to be discontinued. I don't remember now just what I said to him, and if I did, perhaps I had just as well not tell it. One thing I am pretty sure of, and that is I used no oaths to make my language more emphatic or my meaning better understood. The bossing business stopped then and there. My employer's name was Messersmith. He was a rabid pro-slavery man.

I was anti-slavery both by birthright and education. In fact abolition was the topic of conversation wherever you would go at that time. E. P. Lovejoy had been killed a few months before this by a pro-slavery mob in the free state of Illinois. The old gentleman and I never argued on the subject, possibly because he

thought himself too much above me, to pay that much attention to a hired man's opinion. But be that as it may, we got along very well. I wanted to leave him sometime in July. He paid me up honorably and we separated good friends.



CHAPTER VI.

I THEN went to Elk Grove, some twenty miles north of Galena, but still in Wisconsin. David Pettijohn was there at work, and had been for a year. I knew where he was, but he knew nothing of my whereabouts. I found him at work for Judge Dunn, an able lawyer, but unfortunately a habitual drunkard. In all probability he has long since gone to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. I found employment with an old farmer who had been a sailor and captain on lake vessels. His name was Leslie. I worked for him two months. I helped him all through hay and grain harvest. Up in Wisconsin and Minnesota the greater part of the hay is put up before grain harvest comes on. All mowing was done with scythes then, and raked up by hand. I helped him cradle, bind and stack all of his small grain. As the old gentleman was not very stout, and I couldn't stack very well, he did all of the stacking, and I did the pitching. Soon after I commenced working for the old captain, Isaac Pettijohn came up from Illinois hunting work. He it was that first told me about your uncle Elias buying four hundred acres of land in Shelby county, Illinois. Isaac bought 160 acres at the same time.

Towards fall, probably sometime in September, David and

Isaac left Elk Grove and went to a new town on the Mississippi river, some seven miles above Dubuque, but on the east side of the river. I said a new town, but there was really no town there. There was a company there trying to build up a town, hoping to secure all the trade in lead that Galena then had control of. Mineral Point, in Wisconsin, some forty miles north of Galena, was the great lead producing point at that time.

This little company thought if they could secure the lead trade, they would soon build up a town there, and badly smash up Galena. But they made a signal failure. I passed the place some seven years after that, on my way up the river, and found that steamboats didn't even have a landing there. After I had worked for Captain Leslie as long as I had agreed to, I hired a horse from one of his neighbors to ride down into Illinois, to look after the money that was then due on the horse I had sold in the spring. When I got to the place, the man I had sold to was not at home, and his security had no money; so my trip was all for naught, except my expenses, which was at least ten dollars. The country was quite sparsely settled nearly all the way. In fact, part of the way I had no road. Dixon's Ferry, on Rock river, was my objective point, and as I knew the course I didn't care as much about a road as I might otherwise have done. There was one twenty mile stretch on the road without a house in sight. I started across that stretch near four o'clock in the afternoon. I think now I had doubt about being able to make it. But as I was paying high wages for the horse, I thought I would get all out of him there was in him. But as I had every reason to believe, so it was, night overtook me before I got through. The road was dim and the horse tired, consequently I soon found myself without a road.

I appeared to be on an elevated piece of land so I stopped, unsaddled my horse, tied him head and foot and literally let

him "go to grass," as the slang phrase has it. I laid me down with the saddle for a pillow and a light saddle balanket to put over, or under me as circumstances might require. To my horror I was awakened in the night by wolves howling, apparently near me. I had nothing to defend myself with. I have really forgotten whether I prayed, as Jonas of old did, or whether I did not. I was then living a prayerless life. I have scarcely a doubt, however, but I prayed for my life to be spared. The night wore away, as nights under such circumstances will. My horse was all right next morning, and I was but a short distance from the road.

It was some three miles to the house I had hoped to reach the night before. I soon rode that distance, and took supper and breakfast all in one. Of course the people wanted to know where I had came from that morning, and I suppose I told them the whole adventure. I got safely back to the old captain's, and paid the last cent for the use of the horse. I then went down on the river and found David and Isaac chopping cord wood. I procured an ax and went to chopping on the same job. Each one of course was to get pay for the amount of cords he cut. I have forgotten how much we got per cord. Soon after I got there, David took the billious fever. He was very sick, and no doctor nearer than Dubuque, a distance of seven miles. Isaac went down once and got some medicine, and I think the doctor came once to see him, but am not sure of it. As both David and Isaac are dead long years since, I have to depend exclusively upon my own memory. They were both younger than I was, but for some reason unaccountable, to me at least, I am permitted to live many years after they are gone. Why such things occur our Heavenly Father only knows. "May He so teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom." Psalms, xc. 12.

Isaac and I took turns staying in the house with David, while the other one would chop. The boarding house was a roughly put up building, and kept by a rough family by the name of Hyde. They kept a lot of rough boarders, but with all their roughness there was a good deal of sympathy, and some genuine manhood. I think we three Pettijohns were the only cash paying boarders they had. I know they were hard up sometimes for something to eat. We got through with our one hundred cords of wood while David was still very weak. We had hard work to get our pay, and Isaac took quite a nice cloth coat as part pay but it didn't fit any of us, and whatever become of that coat, is more than I can tell. While David was recruiting up and getting ready to travel, Isaac went to work and made a canoe for us to go down the river in. The river was very low and there were no boats running on that part of it at that time. As soon as David was able to travel we started down the river in our own boat. As there was no post-office in that new town, our friends entirely lost sight of us for several months. We of course knew where to direct to some of them, but neglected to write. Soon after we started down the river, some one of the three proposed that we go down on the lower Mississippi river, and spend the winter cutting steamboat wood. We were all pretty good choppers, and knew it was almost impossible to find work either in Ohio or Illinois. I think it was Isaac that made the proposition; he and brother Amos had spent a winter down there some two years before, and had made fair wages cutting wood. That is the reason why I think he first proposed going down.

We found our first steamboat near Rock Island, abandoned our boat, and went aboard. When we were at Warsaw, I knew we were only about forty miles from where your uncle John Milton lived. Had I then known that mother and her three

CHAPTER VI.

[THEN went to Elk Grove, some twenty miles north of Galena, but still in Wisconsin. David Pettijohn was there at work, and had been for a year. I knew where he was, but he knew nothing of my whereabouts. I found him at work for Judge Dunn, an able lawyer, but unfortunately a habitual drunkard. In all probability he has long since gone to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. I found employment with an old farmer who had been a sailor and captain on lake vessels. His name was Leslie. I worked for him two months. I helped him all through hay and grain harvest. Up in Wisconsin and Minnesota the greater part of the hay is put up before grain harvest comes on. All mowing was done with scythes then, and raked up by hand. I helped him cradle, bind and stack all of his small grain. As the old gentleman was not very stout, and I couldn't stack very well, he did all of the stacking, and I did the pitching. Soon after I commenced working for the old captain, Isaac Pettijohn came up from Illinois hunting work. He it was that first told me about your uncle Elias buying four hundred acres of land in Shelby county, Illinois. Isaac bought 160 acres at the same time.

Towards fall, probably sometime in September, David and

Isaac left Elk Grove and went to a new town on the Mississippi river, some seven miles above Dubuque, but on the east side of the river. I said a new town, but there was really no town there. There was a company there trying to build up a town, hoping to secure all the trade in lead that Galena then had control of. Mineral Point, in Wisconsin, some forty miles north of Galena, was the great lead producing point at that time.

This little company thought if they could secure the lead trade, they would soon build up a town there, and badly smash up Galena. But they made a signal failure. I passed the place some seven years after that, on my way up the river, and found that steamboats didn't even have a landing there. After I had worked for Captain Leslie as long as I had agreed to, I hired a horse from one of his neighbors to ride down into Illinois, to look after the money that was then due on the horse I had sold in the spring. When I got to the place, the man I had sold to was not at home, and his security had no money; so my trip was all for naught, except my expenses, which was at least ten dollars. The country was quite sparsely settled nearly all the way. In fact, part of the way I had no road. Dixon's Ferry, on Rock river, was my objective point, and as I knew the course I didn't care as much about a road as I might otherwise have done. There was one twenty mile stretch on the road without a house in sight. I started across that stretch near four o'clock in the afternoon. I think now I had doubt about being able to make it. But as I was paying high wages for the horse, I thought I would get all out of him there was in him. But as I had every reason to believe, so it was, night overtook me before I got through. The road was dim and the horse tired, consequently I soon found myself without a road.

I appeared to be on an elevated piece of land so I stopped, unsaddled my horse, tied him head and foot and literally let

him "go to grass," as the slang phrase has it. I laid me down with the saddle for a pillow and a light saddle balanket to put over, or under me as circumstances might require. To my horror I was awakened in the night by wolves howling, apparently near me. I had nothing to defend myself with. I have really forgotten whether I prayed, as Jonas of old did, or whether I did not. I was then living a prayerless life. I have scarcely a doubt, however, but I prayed for my life to be spared. The night wore away, as nights under such circumstances will. My horse was all right next morning, and I was but a short distance from the road.

It was some three miles to the house I had hoped to reach the night before. I soon rode that distance, and took supper and breakfast all in one. Of course the people wanted to know where I had came from that morning, and I suppose I told them the whole adventure. I got safely back to the old captain's, and paid the last cent for the use of the horse. I then went down on the river and found David and Isaac chopping cord wood. I procured an ax and went to chopping on the same job. Each one of course was to get pay for the amount of cords he cut. I have forgotten how much we got per cord. Soon after I got there, David took the billious fever. He was very sick, and no doctor nearer than Dubuque, a distance of seven miles. Isaac went down once and got some medicine, and I think the doctor came once to see him, but am not sure of it. As both David and Isaac are dead long years since, I have to depend exclusively upon my own memory. They were both younger than I was, but for some reason unaccountable, to me at least, I am permitted to live many years after they are gone. Why such things occur our Heavenly Father only knows. "May He so teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom." Psalms, xc. 12.

Isaac and I took turns staying in the house with David, while the other one would chop. The boarding house was a roughly put up building, and kept by a rough family by the name of Hyde. They kept a lot of rough boarders, but with all their roughness there was a good deal of sympathy, and some genuine manhood. I think we three Pettijohns were the only cash paying boarders they had. I know they were hard up sometimes for something to eat. We got through with our one hundred cords of wood while David was still very weak. We had hard work to get our pay, and Isaac took quite a nice cloth coat as part pay but it didn't fit any of us, and whatever become of that coat, is more than I can tell. While David was recruiting up and getting ready to travel, Isaac went to work and made a canoe for us to go down the river in. The river was very low and there were no boats running on that part of it at that time. As soon as David was able to travel we started down the river in our own boat. As there was no post-office in that new town, our friends entirely lost sight of us for several months. We of course knew where to direct to some of them, but neglected to write. Soon after we started down the river, some one of the three proposed that we go down on the lower Mississippi river, and spend the winter cutting steamboat wood. We were all pretty good choppers, and knew it was almost impossible to find work either in Ohio or Illinois. I think it was Isaac that made the proposition; he and brother Amos had spent a winter down there some two years before, and had made fair wages cutting wood. That is the reason why I think he first proposed going down.

We found our first steamboat near Rock Island, abandoned our boat, and went aboard. When we were at Warsaw, I knew we were only about forty miles from where your uncle John Milton lived. Had I then known that mother and her three

youngest children lived there too, I have no doubt but that I should have gone out to them.

At St. Louis we took deck passage on quite a large New Orleans boat called "Selma." The river was very low and the boat frequently grounded. We were grounded several hours in one place, somewhere between St. Louis and Cairo. Just after we got off and was fairly under headway the mate came rushing by me, and either pushed, or ran against me, and came very near sending me overboard. In jerking my hand suddenly out of my pocket, to save myself from going overboard, my pocket book came out with my hand, and lit some distance from the boat and was soon out of sight in the muddy water of the Mississippi, a safe deposit no failure there. More than a year had now passed since I left home, and there I was without a cent in the world. We stopped at Montgomery's Point, in Arkansas. That was the place Isaac had selected to get off. He made inquiries about several persons he had been acquainted with when he was down there before, and soon learned that T. C. Strictland, one of his old acquaintances, lived just across the river in the State of Mississippi. Isaac and I found a conveyance across the river, and soon found T. C. Strictland's cabin. We stayed all night with him and went over the river next morning after David. We brought him over, so there were then four of us in a very small cabin. Isaac and I got right into work without much loss of time. It was some time before David was able to chop, I don't remember just how long. Isaac chopped for Strictland and I chopped for an old widow woman, but boarded with Strictland. I worked on what was called an island and had to keep a boat to cross an outlet of a lake. The woman for whom I worked had some kind of a claim on the land where I was chopping, and sometime during the winter she employed Strictland and Isaac to fix up a cabin that was on the island, so David and I could

back in it and not have so far to walk as our work was a mile or more from Strickland's. When they got the cabin ready we moved in and bought a very limited outfit for housekeeping. We bought a barrel of flour and some pork from a passing flat-boat. Our living consisted of what we called tough cake, i. e. flour mixed up with Mississippi river water and salt, and baked in an oven or skillet, and fried pork, and coffee without sugar or cream.

Very soon after we got to work down there, I wrote to your uncle John Milton, directing to Huntsville, Illinois. Our friends were quite anxious about us, and we were anxious to hear from them. The first letters we received brought the sad news of the death of brother Elias and his wife. They told us also of mother's removal to Illinois, and many other changes that had taken place since we had heard from home. Soon after getting to work Isaac and I sent for the *PHILANTHROPIST*, a strong anti-slavery paper, edited and published in Cincinnati, Ohio, by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey. I have always considered him one of the best editors I have ever read after. They mobbed him in Cincinnati—took his press and threw it into the Ohio river. Nothing daunted, he soon procured another press and published his paper there for a number of years after that. He finally moved to Washington City, to beard the lion in his den. He published the *NATIONAL ERA* there until his death. I think he died only a short time before the war. I think he was the first man to propose the formation of an anti-slavery political party. Both the Whig and Democratic party were yielding to every demand of the slave power. It was rule or ruin with that power, as subsequent events proved.

I have gone off on a tangent, but will come back to business again. The postmaster and some others told us we had better keep that paper pretty close. I have wondered many times that

we didn't get into trouble on account of it. David an Isaac, each of them, made a trip to New Orleans on a wood boat in the spring. Money matters were about as unstable down there as they were up north. I had a \$50 bill on the bank of Grand Gulf, Mississippi, but couldn't buy a coat with it in Arkansas, where we did our trading. When David went to New Orleans, I sent the bill to the bank by him, and he got forty silver dollars for it. He didn't stop on his return trip, but went straight to Ohio. I was owing a few little debts there and wrote him to pay them. I believe he did exactly as I requested. Isaac stopped at the Point and he and I came up to Schuyler county, Illinois, together. While waiting for a boat, after Isaac came back, I took the ague. That was a new experience for me, out and out. I shook fearfully hard. I bought a bottle of medicine that was said to be a sure cure for ague. I think it was called Rowan's Vermifuge. As it is now a few days past fifty years since then, it will not be wondered at if the name is forgotten. I took the medicine according to directions, as near as I could under the circumstances, and sure enough it stopped the shakes. By the time the slow old boat reached St. Louis I was feeling quite well. We changed boats at St. Louis and shipped from there to Quincy, Illinois. We stayed in Quincy one night and took stage from there to Clayton, a small town some fourteen miles from Huntsville, where our friends lived. We remained in Clayton over night because we could get no conveyance out to Huntsville that afternoon. Our landlord took us out to Huntsville the next day. We paid him for his services and I for one, went on my way rejoicing, because I was soon to see my own dear mother. She welcomed me back with feelings somewhat similar to those of the father of the Prodigal son. I had no living, however, to squander, but had spent almost two years time and had but little to show for it.

CHAPTER VII

HARVEST commenced soon after I got home, and there was some demand for help I went to binding after a cradle. I only worked a few days until the ague took me again. I still had some of that Arkansas medicine on hands, and after taking a few doses the ague left me again. After recruiting up a few days, I procured help and commenced digging a well for mother. She had no water, nor did your uncle John Milton have a well at that time that was worth anything. He afterwards dug one on another part of his farm and got an abundance of good water. I only worked a few days at the well until I was taken down with billious fever. The well-digging went on and we soon had plenty of good water. After getting over the fever and had commenced to work a little, the chills renewed their attack on me. I took the last of my Arkansas medicine, but it appeared that the ague had come to stay. It appears to me now as though I took quinine and Peruvian bark enough to make a well man sick, but it failed to make a sick man well. Finally, both from necessity and choice I quit the drugs and let Nature and the Ague have it out, if you will permit the expression. Cold weather came on and the ague left, and I was glad of it. As I was blessed with a good constitution I soon regained my strength. During all this time my

mother was to me the same guardian-angel she had been in the younger days of my life, and I felt safer in her house during fearful thunder storms than I would have felt in any other place in the world. You may say that was weakness in me. Perhaps it was, not a very bad kind of weakness however.

During the winter of 1839-40 there was no way of earning a cent. Your uncle Titus and I studied geography considerably that winter, and that was about all we did. Towards spring I made a few hundred rails for the doctor that attended me when I was sick. Some time during that winter, 1839-40, your uncle John Huggins and your uncle Jackson Ewing moved from Ohio to Schuyler county, Illinois. They each of them had a team and wagon, a wife and one child. Osceola was the name of your uncle John's and aunt Sarah's child. He was a remarkable child. He died at mother's house when near four years old. He fell backwards into a kettle of hot water, and died in a few hours. In March 1840 the Presbyterians and Congregationalists held a protracted meeting in Plymouth, Hancock county, Illinois. The meeting commenced in a log school house in Plymouth, where the Presbyterians had an organized church. It soon became evident that a larger room was badly needed and the place of meeting was changed to the Congregational church, which was near a mile from Plymouth. The meeting continued about three weeks, if I remember correctly. There was quite a considerable number made a profession of religion during the meeting, among others were your father and your aunt Mary Ewing, who are still living, and trying to walk worthy of their high vocation. At or near the close of the meeting a young preacher made a missionary address, in which he insisted that some among the young converts should consecrate themselves to the missionary work. I felt the force of his remarks, but like some we read of, begged to be excused.

At that time Dr. David Nelson, one of the best of men, was at the head of what was called the Missionary Institute, located near Quincy, Illinois. He was doing all he possibly could to help young men and young women to acquire an education that had the missionary work in view, and had not the means to go to more expensive schools. There was quite a considerable number of married men there, working and studying under the supervision and teaching of Dr. Nelson. No doubt but he accomplished a great deal of good during his work there, but I think the Institute did not continue long after the doctor's death. He was the author of a book entitled "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity."

Your uncle John Huggins was then living in Plymouth, working at blacksmithing. He felt the need of a better education, that he might be a more efficient laborer in the great work of saving souls. He moved right off to the Institute and commenced studying. He learned very well, it was said, but having little means to go on, he had hard work to make a living and attend to his studies. He had a span of rather light horses he had driven from Onio and I kept them at Plymouth and raised fifteen acres of corn. That was my first farming in Illinois.

After harvest I taught a subscription school, there being but little public money at that time, 1840. I was to have so much per scholar and board around among my employers. I believe they were all well satisfied with my work. I am pretty sure they had the best of the bargain. During the time I was teaching that school, I made my first effort at speaking in public. How badly I was scared, and how many times since then I have been scared when trying to speak in public no man knoweth. Some of my employers proposed to have a little debate. I, of course made no objections. The question of debate was, "Resolved, that the use of intoxicating liquor, or intemperance is a greater

evil than slavery." A farmer near by that had a good opinion of his own abilities, and quite a young man that had a still better opinion of his abilities, took the affirmative. I took the negative and had one or two boys to help me. Old "Pap" Hendricks, as every one called him, was chairman and judge. We got the decision in our favor.

That fall uncle Abraham Pettijohn moved from Brown county, Ohio, and bought land near Huntsville, Schuyler county, Illinois. My corn crop was disposed of in one way and another. I think uncle Abraham bought some of the corn. I had bought a few hogs and fattened them. Uncle Abraham bought the pork of me. My impression now is that dressed pork was only \$1.50 per hundred, it was certainly not more than \$2. I let mother have all the corn she needed to use. I hauled some of it to town and sold it for twelve and one-half cents, taking my pay in dry goods. During all that winter, 1840-41, as far as working for cash was concerned, almost everything was at a perfect stand-still. Uncle Abraham's sons and I husked a few hundred shocks of corn for an old gentleman and sons that winter. Their names were Crane. I made a few thousand rails for them that winter too. We had a big debating lyceum in Huntsville that winter. There were some very respectable debaters in the neighborhood. There were no less than seven Pettijohns that frequently took part in debates. Uncle Abraham and four sons, viz; Isaac, John, Eli and William, your uncle Titus and your father. When the slavery question was up for discussion in any shape, the Pettijohns were a unit. A goodly number of the debaters were Kentuckians and were men of brains and culture. The summer of 1841 I helped Eli tend his father's farm. The crop was exclusively corn. I don't know how much I realized for that summer's work. That fall I made visits both in Shelby and Edgar counties. Your uncle Amos was living in Shelby, and your uncle Samuel in

Edgar county. I had not seen either of them for four years. I also visited across the state line in the neighborhood where I had taught four years before. My old acquaintances and old scholars appeared glad to see me, and I was glad to see them, but was sorry to see that whisky was likely to get away with some of them. I got back to Schuyler county near Christmas, but don't remember what I worked at during the winter. One thing I can truly say, and that is, I was always willing to work, whether there was much or little made at it. Towards spring I helped uncle Abraham's boys get out timber for quite a large frame barn, I worked on the frame a number of days, but have forgotten how many.

Before the barn was ready to raise your uncle Titus and I met with a chance to get employment up in Iowa, on what was called the Winnebago Agency farm. It was on Turkey river, about forty miles due west of Prairie Du Chein. The agent, Rev. David Lowrey, had authorized some one in, or near Quincy, Illinois, to send him a dozen young men of good moral character, to work on the Agency farm. Money matters were still terribly stringent, so we gladly accepted the opportunity of earning a little. We went to Quincy and were accepted by agent Lowrey's agent. Money was furnished us to pay our expenses up, with the understanding that it was to be deducted from our wages. We took deck passage to Galena, and as the boat went no farther than there on this trip, we had to walk from there to Prairie Du Chein, a distance of ninety miles. I had a trunk with a good supply of clothing and a good shaving outfit in it. I left it with a forwarding and commission merchant with the express understanding for him to forward it to Prairie Du Chein by the first boat. Suffice it to say, that was the last I ever seen or heard of my trunk. We walked out about twenty miles the first day and the other seventy in two days more; but it was about all either of

us wanted to do. On arriving at Prairie Du Chein we fell in company with six other young men who had been employed and sent to the agency on the conditions we were. I come to the conclusion pretty soon that there must have been a mistake made somewhere in relation to the character of some of these youngsters. Next morning we crossed the Mississippi river and found two teams waiting to help us out. The road was frequently bad and we were obliged to walk a good deal. We were nearly two days making the trip. We worked under the direction of a boss farmer named John Thomas. He was a genuine live Yankee from Vermont. His house was some thirty rods from the hall in which we all slept in bunks. Every morning, punctually, at an early hour he would blow us out with a long tin horn. As I didn't relish the idea of being blown out as a darkey, I was nearly always up before the horn sounded. The teamsters were expected to feed, curry and harness their teams before breakfast and those of us who had no teams to look after, always found something to do before breakfast.

Breakfast came regularly at six. I remember there was one big, stout, good natured fellow named Andy Cummings. The bosses horn seldom blew him out, until he was ready to get out. I have frequently wondered how it was that he got along so easily. He certainly did the least work of any man among us. We all liked him, and all took the liberty of poking fun at him.

The boss came into the hall one morning, inquiring who of us knew how to sow oats. Only two responded, a young man by the name of Ellis, and myself. We got a big job on our hands. I think we sowed oats nearly a week. I suppose we took it leisurely.

The religious influence was quite good that summer. Several of the men were professors of religion before going there, and quite a number made a profession that summer. The agent was

a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. We had preaching almost every Sabbath, and prayer meeting every week, I have forgotten which night. We had a good Methodist brother by the name of Seth Hill for our cook. He had prayer with us every morning in our eating hall. He would frequently ask some of the men to lead in prayer. I think he invariably read a portion of Scripture himself. In the evening we had prayer in the hall where we slept. Our boss farmer was not a religious man in any sense of the word.

Your uncle Titus and I worked just five months. As our expenses going up were deducted from our wages and as we had lost our trunk, thereby being compelled to buy more clothing, we were not ahead very far in the money line. Our wages were \$15 per month and were promptly paid in round silver dollars. We came right back to Schuyler county, Illinois. I helped Isaac Pettijohn run a chaff piling thresher some two or three weeks after coming home. I think he paid me fifty cents a day in wheat. He took nearly all of his pay in wheat.

Money was almost out of the question in those days. I knew a good yoke of oxen sold at constable's sale for \$8. I knew a good young horse sold the same way for \$16. I was well acquainted with all of the parties. I sometimes think people now, scarcely know what they are talking about when complaining of the scarcity of money. As far as money matters are from being in the shape they should be, they are certainly in better shape than they were then.

The winter of 1842-3, I made rails for uncle Abraham. His son John and three other young men died that fall with what I suppose was typhoid fever. In the spring of 1843 I went to work at carpenter work for Mr. Ira Knight for \$5 per month. I had scarcely ever had a jack plane in my hands, and was thought to be quite an awkward young man, as far as handling tools was concerned. I went to work, however, irrespective of other

people's opinions. No young man nowadays has any conception of what carpenter work was then. We worked all spring and summer on a large two story frame house uncle Abraham Pettijohn had put up late the fall before. I think the very last work his son John did was to help put up that frame. The timbers from biggest to least had all been hewed, not a sawed stick in it. The naked frame had stood there near six months, and every thing was out of shape that could get out. Every board we had was native lumber and had to be dressed by hand. Mr. Knight and I hewed and put up the rafters. There was a corn crib on the farm built of nice, straight oak saplings. Uncle thought they were the very things for rafters. We hewed, framed and put them up. We framed the big end of some of them with a cross-cut saw. We got the house so far completed as to be lived in the next winter, but it was not finished for a number of years. I taught another subscription school, but am not sure what winter it was. It was either 1843-4 or 1844-5. I traded part of my accounts for a cow, intending to give her to my mother, but before I went for the cow the man I got her of sent me word that my cow was dead. Men versed in law said I could compel him to furnish me another, but as he was a poor man I bore the loss. In the spring of 1845 I undertook to build a house for one of our neighbors on my own responsibility. I helped hew all the heavy timbers, but had sawed studding. I had some help laying off the work and some instruction about cutting the braces. The frame came together without any trouble. The door and window frames were made of black walnut. Carpenters now scarcely know anything about hard work.



CHAPTER VIII

SOME time during the month of May, 1845, a very agreeable surprise awaited me. While busily engaged working on the house I was building, either sheeting, or shingling, a wagon containing several persons stopped in the lane not far from me. I don't remember paying any particular attention to it as it was quite a public road. Presently a man wearing moccasins came to the house, and commenced talking to me. I think he came up on the house before I found out who he was. It was your uncle A. G. Huggins. As I had not seen him for more than ten years, I did not at first recognize him. I got down off the house and went to the wagon, and there to my surprise I met your aunt Lydia Huggins, your aunt Sarah Huggins and Miss Fannie Huggins, who in process of time, became Mrs. F. H. Pettijohn. Our surprise and pleasure at meeting after eight years of separation appeared to be mutual. Whether by prearrangement or not, I was soon pleasantly seated by the side of Miss F. Huggins, and were driven over to uncle Abraham Pettijohn's. The Missionary Board had granted them leave of absence that summer to visit friends in Illinois and Ohio. They remained only a few days in Illinois, on their way to Ohio. I worked on the house until harvest, and there being some demand for help, I dropped my carpenter tools and worked some in the field. I had

sown a few acres of wheat the fall before, and had that to take care of. I hired some help in cutting it, and hired a boy to help me haul and tramp it out with horses on the ground. I made a little more than expenses on my wheat, but don't remember how much.

Some time in September our missionary friends came back from Ohio, and called in Schuyler county to pay another short visit with friends there. After being there a few days, your uncle A. G. Huggins began to talk to me about going to the mission with them. He said I could be useful there and he would like to have me go with them. After talking and thinking the subject over a few days, I consented to go. I had some wheat on hands that must be disposed of. Our nearest market was Quincy, a distance of at least forty miles. I started with a load Tuesday afternoon, and was back Thursday noon. I traveled a good many hours in the night, but don't remember how many.

After taking the subject into careful consideration, some of us, two at least, concluded the proper thing to do was to get married. We had been partially acquainted long years before this. Had attended church and Sabbath School together for years. We had each of us had our names evil spoken of, because we were friends to the colored man, and had both taught school among colored people. On the 27th day of September, 1845, Jonas Pettijohn and Fanny Huggins were legally married by Rev. John Clarke, at his own residence, near Rushville, Schuyler county, State of Illinois. I would here say for the definite information of my children and any others who may possibly read this, that your uncle John Huggins was then living near Huntsville, Illinois, and that it was in his house where all of our plans were made for me going to the mission with them. We were married on Saturday and on Sabbath day we went to Sabbath School at Huntsville. Monday the 29th day of September, we started on our journey to

Lacquiparle. Mother was then living with your uncle John Graham, near Plymouth, some eight miles north of Huntsville. We stayed there Monday night, and mother was well pleased with her new daughter-in-law, and was glad to think I was going where I would probably be more useful in the world than I had been heretofore. Tuesday, the 30th, we reached the far famed city of Nauvoo. We hired a room, and waited two days for a boat to take us to Galena.

There were an even half dozen of us, viz; your uncle A. G. Huggins and your aunt Lydia Huggins, with their two youngest children, Mary and Eli. Mary is now known as Mrs. J. M. Kerlinger, of Tracy, California, and is quite an ideal writer for some of the California papers. Eli L. Huggins has been captain in the 2nd cavalry of the United States army for a number of years.

We remained in Nauvoo two days when a slow old boat came along and took us up to Galena. Very much to our disappointment it didn't reach Galena until Sabbath morning. We all attended church and Sabbath School and were entertained by good Christian friends until Monday noon, when a boat came in loaded to the guards, almost, bound for Fort Snelling. We hardly had time to get aboard before it was off. The river was very low, and the boat had a barge in tow. Our boat frequently grounded and we were delayed by wind the greater part of one day at the foot of Lake Pepin. When we left Galena on Monday, we thought certainly we would get to Fort Snelling before Sabbath, but we were disappointed again. We had been taught from our infancy by good Presbyterian parents, to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. We were on the boat all day, and all the day following. Monday night we were put on a barge, and sent up to Mendota, a town just below the mouth of the Minnesota river and about one mile from Fort Snelling, with the Minnesota

between them. Our women folks found a good bed to sleep in, but your uncle Huggins and I slept on the floor among some hunter's dogs. The night being cold we were glad to fare as well as we did.

As the missionaries were somewhat acquainted there the word was soon out next morning that the missionaries were in town, and pretty soon in the morning we were invited to some gentleman's table for breakfast.

Mendota was then headquarters in the north-west for the American Fur Company. It was a mammoth organization, and in its day, no doubt, accumulated millions of dollars by its trade among the different Indian tribes. Our folks had come down the Minnesota river from Traversedessioux, on their way east in the spring, in a large canoe, and we were to make the same distance in the same canoe, with the current against us, instead of being in our favor. The canoe was left in care of some friend in or near Fort Snelling, to be ready for the return trip in the fall. As soon as we could conveniently, after breakfast, we crossed over to Fort Snelling. Your mother and I took dinner at Dr. Turner's, the Fort surgeon. Mr. Huggins and family dined with Mr. Prescott.

Dinner being over your uncle hunted up the canoe, and late in the afternoon we found ourselves ready to try our hands at rowing our own canoe. The distance to Traversedessioux by water was one hundred and twenty miles. From Traversedessioux to Lacquiparle, our objective point, was one hundred and thirty miles. In the canoe were two men, two women and two children. Our bedding, cooking vessels, etc., filled our boat tolerably well. Your uncle Huggins was pilot and I furnished a good share of the propelling power. We had hoped to reach Oak Grove that night and spend the night with our missionary brothers, S. W. and G. H. Pond, but night came on before we got there. We landed

about dark, and took possession of an old bark house, such as Indians then used in the summer time. We found wood rather scarce, but we found enough to make us somewhat comfortable. Having expected to spend the night with the Pond brothers we had made no provisions for either supper or breakfast. Your aunt Lydia had some white beans and a few sweet potatoes some friend had given her; these she boiled for supper. Next morning we rowed up to Oak Grove. Here we met a hearty welcome, and remained there over night. They supplied us with provisions sufficient to last us to Traversedessieux, as we all thought, but found we were mistaken before we got through. We got along very well until after we crossed what was called the Little Rapids. Below the rapids the water was deep and but little current, and above the rapids there was much more current, and very frequently we were puzzled to find a channel. We had quite a job getting over the rapids. We had to take everything out of the boat and then it was only by hard work that we succeeded, but we finally got over, reloaded our boat, and went on our way rejoicing. We frequently run our boat into what we called pockets. The only thing we could do then was to back our boat and try for deeper water some place else. We run out of provisions two days before we got to our journey's end. As we had to work hard every minute of our time, or make little or no headway, our appetites were good. Fortunately we came to an Indian encampment late one evening, and bought some ducks and wild rice of them. Your mother gave a dress to an Indian woman for ten double handfuls of black rice, and your aunt Lydia gave an Indian man a pair of woollen socks for three ducks. That was the most disagreeable night on the way up. We camped on a sand bank that appeared to be almost as cold as an ice berg, and we had a very poor supply of wood. We made out to get enough fire to cook some of our ducks and rice.

They were delicious, bread or no bread. The next night we had an abundance of good wood and great heaps of dry maple leaves to put under our beds, so we fairly luxurated in comfort that night. That afternoon we completed our journey by water, which ended one week's hard work. Our missionary friends at Traversedessieux were expecting us. Indians are almost equal to the telegraph to carry news, and they had informed our friends of our being on the way. Rev. S. R. Riggs and Robert Hopkins were the missionaries there then.

From Traversedessieux to Lacquiparle was one hundred and thirty miles, with no house on the road. This trip was made in two Red river carts, each cart drawn by one horse. One word as to make up of river carts; they were quite large wheels made of oak without any ironing whatever. The only iron about them was an iron spike or bolt that went through the shafts, to both pull and hold back by. One of our carts had bows and a cover, the other one had neither.

Here we laid in ample supply of provisions. Our carts were filled to their utmost capacity. The women and children of course had to ride, but your uncle Huggins and I walked nearly all of the time. Mr. Hopkins went out with us as far as the big slough, a distance of fourteen miles. It was the dread of all wayfaring men, whether white men or Indians. This slough was from forty to one hundred rods wide, and was a perfect marsh from side to side. If we undertook to go around it we would only get into more interminable marshes. I have worked harder and sweat more profusely, in crossing Minnesota marshes than I did rail making or chopping cord wood. I remember one time my oxen mired down so they could not get up until I unyoked them, and that I could only do by cutting the keys in the bows with an ax, and driving the bows out of the yoke. We got through this time, however, without very much difficulty. This

being my first experience in crossing the "bad slough," as the Indian name very appropriately indicated, I could hardly believe it to be such a terror as I found it to be in after years. We went into camp immediately after getting through the slough. I think we took wood across the slough with us, there being none where we camped. The weather was now mild and beautiful; much milder than it was ten days before this. The next day we traveled about twenty miles. This was Saturday, and we camped over Sabbath on Clear Lake outlet, where we had plenty of wood, water and grass. Here your mother was taken sick with billious fever, and was real sick all the way to Lacquiparle, and for a number of days after we got there. It appears to me now a wonder that she lived through such a trip. No delicacies to eat, cramped up all day in a rough-running cart, and sleeping on the ground at night.

Through some mistake, on Saturday, your uncle had taken a different road from the one they usually traveled. The roads were mere tracks through the prairie, and were very easily missed in some places. This one took us by a trading post kept by Joseph Laframboise. He appeared glad to see us and gave us quite a large piece of fresh pork, which was a rarity, and several nice cabbage heads. We didn't tarry long with him, although kindly received and treated with the politeness intuitive to a Frenchman. He went with us several miles to show us the way out to the road they had usually traveled.

We had very pleasant weather until the last day of our journey. We camped the last night at Hawk river, a distance of twenty-seven miles from Lacquiparle. We started quite early, intending if possible to reach home, if home it might be called, that day. Soon after we started, it commenced raining and rained almost continually all day. It was too far to go without dinner, so we stopped a little while in the rain; your uncle and I stood at

the front end of the covered cart and eat our lunch. We got to Lacquiparle about sun down, some of us wet, hungry and cold. Your uncle and I had walked nearly every foot of the road through the rain. I have no recollection now of being tired; the probability is, I was tired.

Dr. T. S. Williamson and your uncle A. G. Huggins, with their wives and your mother were then missionaries there at the time we are now writing about. Your mother had been in the mission work six years before our marriage. The doctor's family had heard we were coming, and that Miss Huggins had married while she was gone. They were glad to see us and we certainly were glad to reach our journey's end.

It was now the 28th day of October, just one month and one day after we were married. I suppose we might, without much exaggeration, call it a rather rough honeymoon. We remained at the doctor's for supper and family worship. The mission houses were near twenty rods apart, and your mother not being able to walk that distance, I took her up in my arms and carried her.

The winter of 1845-46 was by far the mildest winter I ever saw in Minnesota. We had no snow for sledding during the entire winter. We hauled all of our wood and hay on a wagon that winter.



CHAPTER IX.

SOMETIME during the summer of 1846, Dr. Williamson wrote to David Green, one of the secretaries of the board of commissioners for Foreign Missions with headquarters at Boston, Mass., asking for my appointment as assistant* missionary at Lacquiparle. My appointment as such came on in due time. At the annual meeting of the missionaries, the fall of 1846, there were several changes of location made among the missionaries. Dr. T. S. Williamson went from Lacquiparle to Caposa, some three miles below St. Paul, to start a new mission station there. Rev. S. R. Riggs was moved from Traversedessieux to Lacquiparle; your uncle A. G. Huggins was moved from Lacquiparle to Traversedessieux. The Pond brothers still remained at Oak Grove. Gideon H. Pond and Robert Hopkins were licensed to preach at the mission meeting spoken of above. Mr. Riggs and I were at Lacquiparle as the only missionaries for about three years, if I remember correctly.

It was said of Gideon H. Pond that he could speak the Sioux language better than any other white man among them in his day. Mr. Riggs spoke it very well, and so did Mrs. Riggs. Your mother learned the language very readily so I was told by those

*I believe the word assistant has long since been discontinued, and all are called missionaries

who ought to know. I always found plenty of work to do, both summer and winter. Of course Mr. Riggs' time was taken up in translating the Scriptures, teaching, preaching, etc. He was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand about the work whenever it was necessary to do so.

I believe we never raised but one crop of wheat after I went to the mission. The blackbirds were so numerous that we were almost compelled to give it up. We always raised several hundred bushels of potatoes. Potato digging was a hard job and we always hired them dug. To oversee a large number of Indian men, women and children digging potatoes was no child's play. It usually tried one's patience about as much as anything we had to do. Where there were so many there was always some among them who would steal if not watched closely.

One fall I was all alone and had several hundred bushels of potatoes to dig and put in our cellars. I employed Mr. Levi Bird, a white man with an Indian woman for a wife, to help me. We had a number of Indians to help us. One of us helped about digging while the other would haul to the house and put them in the cellar. I soon discovered an old woman stealing about as many as she saved for us. I thought that wouldn't pay, so I accorded to her the privilege of going home. She and some of the other women were mad, and planned to take vengeance on me by digging and carrying off all my potatoes that night, but unfortunately for them their secret leaked out, as secrets will when confided to too many keepers. I thought I could easily frustrate their plans, without hurting anyone either. Just after dark I went to the field and laid flat down on the ground between two potato rows, and soon heard them coming. I could hear pretty well then. I could hear the big potatoes thump on the ground when they would pull up a hill. After letting them get fairly to work I got up and went quite close to them, without

their seeing or hearing me. I then yelled about as loud as I well could. Such a screech as they gave only an Indian woman can give, and such a stampede as there was then and there don't often take place. I looked around and found some of their sacks and blankets they had left in their fright. I took them home with me, but gave them to their owners the next day. They looked ashamed when they came for their property and said they didn't want to steal our potatoes, but as they were going to be stolen that night, they might just as well have some of them as to let the other women have all of them. Just such logic as thousands of white men make use of to-day.

In the summer of 1851, treaties were made with the Dakota, or Sioux Indians, that made quite a change in the missionary work among them. One of the treaties was made at Mendota, the other at Traversedessieux. The commissioners to treat with them were Hon. Luke Lee and Hon. Alexander Ramsey, who was then Governor of Minnesota Territory. They were there the 4th of July and had made arrangements to celebrate the day. Rev. Robert Hopkins was to have been chaplain of the day, but in the early morning of that day he was drowned in the overflowing waters of the Minnesota river. He had gone early to take his accustomed bath, got beyond his depth, and not being a swimmer was drowned. I think it can be truly said of him as it was of Enoch, "he was not, for the Lord took him." He was a devout Christian and had the natural ability and disposition to be useful.

Mr. Thomas Longley, a brother of Mrs. S. R. Riggs was drowned in the Minnesota river less than a half mile distant from where Mr. Hopkins was drowned, but some seven or eight years before.

Word was sent at once to Lacquiparle, of Mr. Hopkins' being

drowned, and Mr. Riggs and I hastened down as soon as we could. The distance as has already been stated was one hundred and thirty miles. His body had been found and buried before we got there.

There were more wild Indians there than I had ever seen before at one time. I remained several days, but returned home before the treaty. Joseph Latour was the only company I had going home. Mr. Riggs remained during the treaty, and acted as one of the interpreters. He came very near being drowned in the Chippewa river, only five miles from home. He was riding a small horse and was all alone. He knew that I had swam the same horse over the same river more than once and had come out all right, so he started in, but by some means he got off the horse and under the water. He could swim some when not encumbered by clothing. I don't remember now how he managed to get out. He got out, however, and came home bare headed, having lost his hat in the river.

The fall of 1851 Mr. Riggs went east with his family. The summer had been a rainy one and the streams and sloughs were all full until late in the fall. Hon. Martin McCloud, our neighbor and Indian trader, had made a ferry boat to cross the Chippewa river on. We couldn't put a team on it, but put our wagons on and swam our teams. The boat was on the home side when Mr. Riggs got to the river. That was the reason he attempted swimming his horse.

We had two wagons now at the mission, having given up the old Red river carts. One of our wagons was a good, substantial one, made by some of our Huggins friends in Ohio. The other one was an old wagon, but strong and light. It had no bed, and the forward axletree had never been ironed. It run very light and didn't appear to wear much by use. For this old wagon we made a bed flat-boat shaped, calked it and made it water tight.

Mr. Riggs, with all of his family, started east near the last of August, 1851, expecting to be gone nearly or quite a year. His trip was partly for visiting and partly on important business. If I am not mistaken, it was while he was gone on this trip that he superintended the printing of the first Dakota lexicon, or dictionary of the Dakota, or Sioux language that was ever printed. The printing was done by the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington City, if I am not greatly mistaken. But to our trip across the prairie. Mr. Riggs drove a span of horses to the best wagon and I drove a light yoke of oxen to the old wagon having the flat-boat bed. Some of the children frequently rode with me in preference to riding all the time in a covered wagon.

One day we came to a little stream we called Mud river. One little girl was riding with me. I always went ahead with the oxen. I was afraid they might cause trouble at the water, as the day was quite warm. I got off the wagon and walked by the side of the oxen. The water was running across the road a foot or more deep, some distance before we got to the crossing. I had frequently seen the stream when it was low and felt sure we could cross without difficulty if I could manage the oxen. Soon after getting into the water that was running across the road, the oxen made a break for the river where I knew the water was deep. I tried my best to stop them, but go they would and go they did. I saw the danger and made a grab for the little girl's arm and fortunately I caught it and got her off just before the oxen were swimming. I left Anna Jane, that was her name, standing in the water, and hurried on to look after the oxen. They swam down stream some distance and turned to a steep bank and crawled out on it; the boat bed rose and floated off down stream. I got across as soon as I could and hurried on to catch the boat and was almost within reach of it when it struck some driftwood and upset. It had two of Mrs. Riggs' trunks in it and our lariat

ropes, an ax, a gun, and our supply of potatoes which we always carried to eat on the road. It was from five to six day's journey without a house. I got the trunks out some way, but don't remember how. We spent three or four hours there drying the clothing that was in the trunks.

I knew the oxen would very soon strike deep water from the course they took, and did my best to prevent their going, but made a signal failure, as I have in many other respects. We let the oxen remain banked until we secured the boat and some of the things that were in it. Where the boat upset the water was chin deep and a strong current. I stripped my feet and found my gun with my toes. I could just make out to stand. I don't remember how we managed to get the oxen and naked wagon out. I know we got them out and I know they played off on me as I went home.

In due time we reached Traversedessieux, and in due time I was loaded up to make the home-bound trip. I left the horses and covered wagon for Rev. M. N. Adams and wife.* They had been with us a year or two at Lacquiparle, laboring as missionaries. Mr. Adams had learned the Sioux language quite well, and was coming back to fill Mr. Riggs' place while he was east.

A little account of my return trip with them oxen, and then something else. Hon. Martin McLoad was down at Traversedessieux when we got there, laying in a large supply of goods, for fall and winter trade with the Indians. He had eighteen or twenty of those Red river carts spoken of, and nearly as many Frenchmen as he had carts. He started several hours before I did. I congratulated myself on having company nearly or quite all the way home. When I got ready to start I took Mr.

*The reason why I have not mentioned their names before this, was because I have forgotten in what year they joined the mission, and also the year they left on account of Mrs. Adams' health failing.

McLoad's tracks; though I saw they went south of Swan Lake instead of north. When I overtook them, they were badly swamped in a big slough; some of their carts were on one side of the slough, some in it and some on the other side. I offered them the use of my boat bed that they might keep their powder dry, but they politely declined my help. I looked along the slough considerably before driving into it. In crossing one of those much dreaded sloughs I nearly always waded into them to find what I thought would be the best crossing. But with all the precaution that could possibly be taken, we often found ourselves badly swamped. I finally drove into this one and drove clear across without any trouble. I soon found out it wouldn't do for me to wait on them, if I expected to get home in any reasonable length of time. I drove on several miles to a point of timber and camped for the night. About dark Mr. Levi Bird drove up and camped with me. Your mother and I have both forgotten who was left with her during this trip. I know that I felt in a hurry to get home as soon as I could, company or no company. The next day I traveled all alone neither seeing nor hearing anything of my friend McLoad. Late in the afternoon I struck the road we usually traveled. Just at camping time I met Mr. Laframboise on his way to Traversedessieux, so we camped together that night. That was the last night I had company all the way home.

I started very early next morning intending to make a long day's drive. That was Friday and as I was now on the main road, I knew just where I was and knew the distance from one point to another; but trouble awaited me only seven miles ahead. Here I came to Clear Lake outlet, a stream spoken of heretofore. The floods having washed the banks out, the forward wheels went down with a chuck and bursted the lynch pin hole out; the off fore wheel came off, one corner of the boat bed shot

under water and the oxen went off down stream. I caught the boat and pulled it ashore on the home side of the stream, got the wheel out without much trouble and then turned my attention to the oxen. I got them and the wagon out, but don't remember just how. I put the wheel on and drove to the top of the hill where I could have sunshine to dry my goods. I spent the remainder of the day there drying out and making what repairs I could. I was nearly one hundred miles from home and how I was to get there was somewhat of a serious question. I took my ax and went to work on the axletree, cutting the shoulder some two or three inches farther in. I worked it down with my ax and pocket knife until the wheel went on and worked nicely. The next question was, how was I going to make the wheel stay on without a linch pin. There was a way out of that difficulty too. I was only about seven miles from Mr. Laframboise'. My only chance was to go there and borrow a small auger to bore a hole through the axletree. Saturday morning, early I walked that seven miles, procured the auger and bored the indispensable linch pin hole. I bored it from side to side and not from top to bottom. The next question was, what was to be done with the auger. I couldn't pass by Mr. Laframboise' very well with a load. I remembered Mr. McLoad had told me that he expected to pass Mr. Laframboise' on horseback as he went home. I looked around and found a smooth board of some size, but having no pencil with me, I took a coal and wrote a few words for Mr. McLoad, telling him where he would find the auger hanging in an oak tree, and requesting him, as politely as I could under the circumstances, to take it home. I drove several miles Saturday afternoon and camped alone until Monday morning. Some time Sabbath day Mr. McLoad came along, saw my shingle and found the auger without any trouble. He had met Mr. Laframboise on the road and for some reason he had turned

back and was with Mr. McLoad when they found my shingle and carried the auger home himself.

I rested the Sabbath day according to commandment, but not so with McLoad and his men. Sometime during the day they passed my camp. Mr. McLoad stopped and talked a little while with me and told me where he expected to camp that night. Next morning I started very early and reached their camp before they were done eating breakfast, but they started out in pretty good season. I asked them where they expected to camp that night; they said at Beaver river. I knew that would be a good day's drive, starting at the time they did. I noticed before they left the grove they were camped by they gathered quite a bunch of wood and threw on their carts. I felt sure that didn't mean Beaver river for them, for there was plenty of wood there. I determined to go to Beaver river whether they did or not. My oxen had rested the greater part of three days, were young and good travelers, had a light wagon and not a heavy load. I hurried them up and soon passed all the teams and had the road all to myself. I reached Beaver river about sundown. The road went up stream, but fearing the oxen might want to go with the current as they had twice before on this trip, I walked by their heads to keep them straight. The water was deep, but not quite deep enough to swim the oxen, or lift the bed off. We got through all right and I have no doubt but I returned thanks to my Heavenly Father for a prosperous day's journey. After lariatting my oxen and eating a cold bite of supper, I threw my bed under the wagon with my clothes wet to my arms and was soon fast asleep. Next morning I started very early and drove fifteen miles before I stopped for breakfast. I rested there near three hours, but have no recollection of stopping again that day until camping time. I traveled thirty-two miles that day.

The next day would take me home if nothing special prevented.

four miles from home was the Chippewa river that had been too deep to ford all summer, and was still too deep. When I got to the river the ferry-boat was on the home side of the river. It did not take me long to swim over and bring it to my side of the river. I then took all the load out of my wagon and put it on the ferry-boat. Then took off the boat bed and put it on the ferry-boat. Then uncoupled the wagon and put the fore-wheels on, and was just starting with the hind-wheels when Mr. Martin McLoad rode up. He said I was the hardest man to overtake he had ever followed. He said he had been chasing me two days, and could not see where I had ate or slept. He had left his men, and came alone on horseback. His hurry was to overtake me before I crossed the river; he couldn't swim, and was afraid to swim his horse. If he had failed to get to the river before I got away, he would have had to wait there until his men reached the place.

I think now I was seldom, if ever, any better pleased to get home than I was then. I remember very well of your mother coming out some distance to meet me; I suppose some of the telegraphic Indians had informed her that I was coming. She was leading Laura and Albert; I remember that Albert's head was nearly as white as well bleached cotton. If after a few days' separation here on earth, our meeting was so joyous, how much more joyous will our meeting be in God's upper and better sanctuary after years of separation.

Rev. M. N. Adams and wife returned late that fall to the mission; during the winter of 1851-2, we tendered our resignation to the missionary board. Our resignation was accepted; and in February, 1852, we left Lacquiparle, to labor no more as missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. While at Lacquiparle with Mr. Riggs we had built two pretty good frame houses; we sided them up with three-foot ash boards, split and shaved. I helped saw almost every board that went into

both houses. I always sawed underneath or below the log we were sawing; and my eyes would frequently get so full of sawdust I would be obliged to go to the house and get your mother to take it out. Mr. William W. Ellison I considered the best sawyer I ever worked with; he knew how to keep a saw in order, and was always cheerful and willing to do his part. We left Lacquiparle to go to Traversedessieux, February 23, 1852. We had a covered wagon drawn by the same oxen that had caused us trouble heretofore; we had also a cart loaded with hay drawn by one ox. We had a tent to shelter us at night, in which we could make a fire and cook our victuals. We had a Canadian Frenchman with us to drive the one-ox cart, and help us as our necessities required. The weather had been unusually pleasant for some time before we started, but like Jonah of old, the storm overtook us the first night out. It was not very cold, but very windy. Our ox that hauled our hay got loose, and started back to Lacquiparle. We were camped at Blackoak lake, some fourteen miles from Lacquiparle. Our man went back to Lacquiparle, but failed to find our ox there but found him as he was coming back, in the timber, at the crossing of the Chippewa or Mayawakan river. Mr. Adams wrote a very kind note, inviting me to come back and wait for pleasanter weather. But never since I can remember, did I believe in turning back if I could avoid it. It snowed on us nearly all one day; it was not a cold day, but rather rough on the drivers. Your mother, with Laura and Albert were comfortable as need be in the wagon. We went by the way of Mr. Laframboise, and stopped there over Sabbath. We had our own provisions and occupied a room by ourselves. Monday we went from Mr. Laframboise to Swan lake—a very long day's drive as the road then was. Albert had been begging for water a long time before we got to Swan lake; but it being almost impossible to get any, he just begged on. Your mother would try every possible way to divert him

she could; but his invariable answer would be, "But mother I do want some water so bad!" It was dark when we reached Swan lake. Fortunately for us, we met several of our Lacquiparle Indians there and they went to work with a good will to help us. They shoveled the snow from off the ground, put up our tent and made a fire in it much quicker than we could have done. The next day we reached Traversedessieux. The house Mr. Hopkins had lived in was vacant. Mrs. Hopkins with her children had gone east in company with Mr. Riggs and family in the fall of 1851. We moved right into said house. As soon as navigation opened emigrants began to come, though the treaty had not been ratified. Men from St. Paul came up looking out for good locations before navigation opened; I remember there being a printer by the name of Sanders came up to Traverse (as we called Traversedessieux), some time before navigation opened. I don't know what he expected to do; he stayed there a number of days, but didn't accomplish anything at all that I remember. The Minnesota river was open to the mouth, but the Mississippi river was not yet open. The Minnesota and its tributaries were full to overflowing. Sanders was anxious to go back to St. Paul, but had no way of going. He finally went to work and made a dug-out or canoe, and he made a very respectable appearing boat; in that he intended to make the trip to St. Paul. We found out that he knew little or nothing about managing a boat, and had scarcely a doubt but he would be drowned before he got half way there. Not wishing to see the man rush right into a watery grave I concluded to go with him. We loaded up such things as we wanted on our journey and started. As he had built the boat I supposed it would be all right for him to be master, or pilot. We got in and started; the river was high and the current very strong. I discovered at once that he knew no more about steering a boat than a child, and came very near upsetting us long before we got

fairly started; we landed some way, I don't know how now, and exchanged places. We made good headway whether we rowed or not. We camped on dry land at night, and I believe we had quite a comfortable night. We started early next morning, intending to stop at the rapids and rest awhile, and then go to Shackapee and spend the Sabbath there. When we came in sight of the landing I told him where we wanted to land, and that we would have to work hard to make it. I worked with all my might, and came very near making the landing, but missed it; and in missing, our boat struck an overhanging willow and tipped us both out into the ice-cold water, and the strong current of the Minnesota river. It is said that a drowning man will catch at a straw. Whether that is so or not, we each of us caught a willow limb, and by so doing saved our lives. The limb I got hold of was so slender and the current so strong, that I remember having to reach up on it two or three times before I got my head above water. The boat floated off rapidly and was soon out of sight. There we were on the willow, and couldn't possibly get to land without help. The water was deep between us and the land, and the current very strong. Under favorable circumstances I could have swam ashore, but as it was, it would have been little better than suicide to have attempted it. We called as loud as we could, and pretty soon an Indian man came to us. I requested him to get a boat and help us off. He said there were no boats there, they were all out on the lakes hunting rats and ducks. I requested him then to go as soon as he could and tell the white men about us. He went in a hurry and pretty soon two Frenchmen appeared on the ground, they too, said there were no boats to be had, and it began to look like a pretty serious question how we were going to get on land again. Mr. Sanders was standing about knee deep in water. I had managed to get my feet out of the water, but was nearly as cold as though I was in it.

I believe that the Frenchmen brought an ax with them; if they didn't they went and got one. There was a tall cottonwood tree standing on shore some distance from the waters edge. I told our friends, the Frenchmen, to cut that tree and let it fall into the water just above us. I felt sure the current would bring it to us if it didn't go down and take us with it. They did exactly as I requested them to, and the plan worked all right. The body of the tree came almost to our feet, but the current was so strong it ran nearly, or quite a foot deep over the body of the tree. Neither of us could walk out without help. The Frenchmen cut a long pole and reached one end to me. Little boy-like, I had some strings in my pocket and with them I tied the end of the pole fast to a limb of the willow we were perched on. They either held their end of the pole, or tied it to a tree, but I don't remember which. One man came in on the sunken log and helped Mr. Sanders out, but I believe I got out without help. In due time we reached St. Paul, and in due time I got back to Traversedessieux.

In the spring when emigrants began coming in we kept boarders. That was the most we did for a year or more. I made a claim before the land was surveyed. The settlers nearly all respected each others claims. When the land was surveyed, my lines corresponded almost exactly with the surveyors. I have forgotten what year I preempted in.

I built quite a respectable hewed log house on my claim before preempting. I got some thirty acres broke, which cost me \$5 per acre for breaking. Had about fifty acres under fence.

In the summer of 1856 we sold out and went to Ohio. I bought eighty acres of unimproved land before going. We found things somewhat different in Ohio from what we had anticipated, so in March, 1857 we left Ohio, expecting to stop in Illinois for an indefinite period.

Isaac Pettijohn had bought a farm and didn't want to go on

it for some time, as he thought, and wrote to me during the winter of 1856-7 that he would like to have me come and occupy his farm a few years. I was acquainted with the farm and knew it to be a good neighborhood to live in, so I wrote him at once that I would come, but disappointment awaited me again. When I got there he had made different arrangements, leaving me entirely out. When we got to Schuyler county, Illinois, for that was where we went, we found your uncles John Milton and John Huggins, and a whole outfit of the Ewings, almost ready to start to Kansas. Your mother, Moses and Alice all had the typhoid fever while we stayed at your uncle John Milton's. Your uncle John was just as clever to us as he could be.

I made some effort to get a farm to tend, but failed to get one to suit me. After our friends had gone to Kansas, I rented a house a mile west of Huntsville and moved into it. I left all the family there except William; I took him and went back to Minnesota. It was too late to sow wheat when I got there, but I planted some corn and potatoes on J. W. Holtsclaw's farm. I boarded with Jane and did her chores while James was gone to Illinois.

Strangers to the family may be curious to know who this J. W. Holtsclaw and Jane, his wife, were. Jane S. Holtsclaw was before her marriage Jane S. Huggins. Her father was A. G. Huggins, a co-laborer with Dr. T. S. Williamson in the Dakota Mission. Mr. Huggins and my wife were brother and sister. Mrs. Huggins, mother of Jane S. was my cousin.

I cultivated James' corn for him and partly tended my own before going back to Illinois for my family. I went back to Illinois for my family sometime in July and got to Minnesota the first of August.

Financially I was badly used up, to say the very least. I had sold my farm and all my personal property, and had spent more

than \$500, actual cash, in less than one year, and now had little or nothing to commence anew on; but I lived through all those mistakes I made, and am living yet. Poverty was better for me, no doubt, than prosperity; I mean it was better for the spiritual man.

A hail storm injured my corn crop, so I had very little for my summer's work, except a good potato crop. Let me say right here and now that your mother has been a loving, faithful and uncomplaining wife, during all these years of disappointed anticipations and blasted hopes.



CHAPTER X.

IN the fall of 1857, you remember that your Uncle Alexander G. Huggins became badly deranged. It was next to impossible to take care of him at home, and there being no asylum in Minnnesota at that time, it was determined by all his friends to send him to an insane assylum in Columbus. I was selected as the responsible one to accompany him; T. R. Wisbey went aloung as a very necessary assistant. I took letters from Gov. Gorman, Drs. Williamson, Ewing and Humphrey, all making pleas for his admission into the asylum. We got to Columbus Saturday afternoon. I left your uncle in the care of Mr. Wisbey, and went at once to the asylum to find what could be done. I found the Superintendent a real gentleman (as I considered him), and he afterwards proved himself to be such. I had a long talk with him; he carefully read all the letters and papers I had taken, and said they had applications almost every week to admit patients from other states, but was forbidden to do so by positive enactment of the legislature. He said we made the strongest plea for admission they ever had, and that if there was any loop-hole through which he could admit him, he would do it. He said if I could find a place to leave him until the legislature met, he would lay the case before them and he believed they would pass a special Act for his admission.

I took him to your Uncle Amzi Huggins's in Highland county, Ohio, and they took care of him until the meeting of the legislature. The Superintendent, true to his word, laid the case before them, and a special Act was passed for his admission. He was in the asylum something over a year, and came back to his family and friends, clothed and in his right mind.

Just before starting to Ohio with your Uncle Huggins, the Republicans held a convention to nominate candidates for members to the first legislature under the state constitution. I had the honor of being nominated to represent Nicolet county; I also had the honor of being defeated. I was known to be a strong anti-slavery, anti-whiskey man and I have always supposed that, as much or more than anything else defeated me. From the very first settlement at Traversdessioux and St. Peter, we commenced war against whiskey. How much good we accomplished the Lord only knows.

One fall C. E. Flandrau was a candidate for the State senate. He was a man of ability, and in many respects was what we would call a splendid, fine fellow. Saturday night before the election—which came off the next Tuesday—we had a meeting to discuss the merits and demerits of the different candidates. Of course, C. E. Flandrau came in for his share of criticism. I don't remember now who all spoke, or what was said. Flandrau was outside listening, as we afterwards learned. The morning of the election I met him before the polls were opened. About the first he said to me was: "Well, Pettijohn, I suppose I can count on your vote to-day, judging by what you said Saturday night." I laughingly said to him, "Well, Flandrau, if you heard what I said Saturday night, I guess you can tell about that." He answered and said; "What you said was all right, but if I had been in reach of Adams, I would have hit him right dab in the mouth, for he lied outright;" a very serious charge to make against any man, be

he a preacher or layman. In all my contending against slavery, whiskey and democracy, I always confined myself strictly to what I believed to be true. Nor do I believe that Mr. Adams would knowingly make misstatements.

I would put in a few more words right here about preempting, making a farm, selling out, etc., etc. I commenced in 1852 making some improvements, on my claim, but having little to go on beside muscle, I got along rather slowly for a year or two. We kept boarders for a year or more, as has already been noticed, and it helped us considerably. I have forgotten what year I preempted in. It was either 1853 or 1854. It was the last of February or the first of March. I worked hard, and hired some work done. I believe I paid every dollar I agreed to for work. When we sold out in 1856 to go to Ohio, I had a span of horses and wagon and several head of cattle. I had sold forty acres of my land to Dr. Williamson and traded another forty to W. W. Ellison for twenty acres of timber. That left me eighty acres of prairie and twenty acres of timber, an even hundred acres, which I sold to George H. Spenser, immediately before going to Ohio in 1856. He also bought my crop and the hay I had put up, for which he paid me \$300 in cash in the city of St. Paul, as we were on our way to Ohio. He proved to be a fraud and failure, so there was failure all along the line.

I bought eighty acres of unimproved land of Lucien Brown just before starting to Ohio. He took my team and wagon on it. I have entirely forgotten how much I gave him for it. I sold that eighty in the fall of 1857 and bought eighty acres of prairie and twenty of timber, but never made any improvement on it. Twenty acres of that eighty of prairie I deeded away, to help lift a debt that was hanging over a big concrete church house they had built in Traversedessieux.

I had already paid \$50 on it. I opposed the building of so

expensive a church with all my might, but was overruled by certain individuals, some of whom are still living, but some have passed away. I believe now that I should not have given another dollar towards paying the debt. The house has not been used as a church for more than ten years.

I think a little more political history here might possibly be interesting. The first constitution of the state of Minnesota prohibited the state from contracting any large debt. I have forgotten the definite number of thousands it was limited to. At the very first meeting of the legislature, under the Constitution, certain railroad companies, by their agents, went as lobby members and got an amendment to the Constitution passed, authorizing the state to issue bonds to the amount of \$5,000,000 to assist certain railroad companies in building certain lines of railroad. Bonds were to be issued for \$10,000 for every mile graded. I think there had to be ten consecutive miles before they were entitled to the bonds. This amendment was submitted to the people for its adoption or rejection. The amendment was violently opposed by one of the leading St. Paul papers, and strenuously advocated by another one. Members of the legislature that had voted for the amendment, went all over the state pleading for its adoption, and sure enough, it was adopted by an overwhelming majority. At Traverse, where I voted, the Pettijohn vote was equally divided, two against and two for the amendment. Your uncle John and your father voted against and your uncle Titus and Thomas for it. One of our neighbors told me in so many words that any man who voted against the amendment was a fool, the term fool having a strong qualifying adjective. It usually made me mad for any one to call me a fool, but I have no recollection now of being the least disturbed by his slang. I remember the reply I made, almost verbatim. I said to him, I have no assurance of living many years, but I

have scarcely a doubt of living long enough to see the people of Minnesota regret having passed this amendment. Nor did I have to live very long to see it. In about six months time the people found they were badly sold. The railroad companies went to work in good earnest, grading here and there and everywhere that it was easy grading, and as soon as ten miles were graded they were entitled to \$100,000 in bonds. I think bonds to the amount of about \$1,500,000 were issued by the Governor and passed over to the companies, when a writ of mandamus was served on the Governor restraining him from issuing any more bonds. The amendment was repealed by a vote of the people by a larger majority than it passed.

One other election reminiscence and then something else. The first election held at Lacquiparle was during the time that Mr. Riggs and I were there as the only missionaries. I think we were voting for delegate to congress. A territorial delegate is not allowed a vote, but can speak in favor or in opposition to any bill before the House. At that first election I think we cast just sixteen votes. There were five of us who understood the English language well enough to act as judges and clerks. The returns were to be sent to St. Paul, a distance of two hundred miles. I believe the carrier started the next morning after the election. When he had gone about sixty miles he made the very important discovery that he had no papers of any kind with him. He came back and got them, but whether he got pay for his extra travel is more than I know. As well as I remember, the votes cost the government near \$5 apiece.

One winter while Mr. Riggs and I were at Lacquiparle together, it appeared necessary for one of us to go to Traversedessieux. We all knew there was no small risk to life and limb, making a journey of one hundred and thirty miles across an uninhabited country in the midst of a Minnesota winter. Whether I said in

so many words or not, here am I, send me, I undertook the journey. I had quite a light cart and a good traveling horse. Our neighbor, the Indian trader, sent a Frenchman with me. He had no team going down, but was to bring one back with him. We camped at Swan Lake the last night out going down; we had plenty of wood and were quite comfortable although the night was cold. I remember the timber kept snapping with the frost nearly all night. We got up very early in the morning and got to Traversedessieux just at sunrise. The distance was eighteen miles and I had walked every rod of it. As we went back the Frenchman had a cart with two horses to it. We got along very well until we reached Beaver river, some sixty miles from home. The night we camped there, a severe north-wester came down upon us, and kept us there five days. Our cooked provisions ran out, but having a barrel of flour that belonged to Mr. McLeod, the trader, we opened it and baked some bread, but not so much as I wanted to. The Frenchman appeared afraid Mr. McLeod would not like to have us go in on his flour so heavily.

Sabbath was a beautiful day, but very cold; we remained in camp all day. Monday was cold and stormy; Tuesday we started. We knew the point we wanted to make that day. For some reason the Frenchman couldn't or wouldn't keep up with me. He had a light load, and two horses to his cart. I reached our designated camping place before night, went to work with a will and cut wood and made a big fire, so my traveling companion could see where I was and come to me. An hour or two after night he came in with his horses, but had left his cart some three miles from camp. I had expected him to bring his cart into camp so we could go into the flour barrel again, but he chose to do otherwise, so we had nothing for supper that night but some half boiled corn, and nothing at all for breakfast next morning. We were then all of thirty miles from home, and mercury about

thirty below zero. We started before it was light. I kept with him until he got his horses onto his cart, then I struck for home, giving him his own time for coming. My horse was a fast walker and so was I. I had moccasins on my feet and you may well believe we made good time that day. It was about as much as I could do to keep from freezing. I would walk as fast as I could for a few miles and then mount the cart and ride until I was cold, and then off and walk again. I think when I was riding I would put the horse to a trot when the snow was not too deep. I made the thirty miles a good while before night. I don't remember what time the Frenchman got in. I know, however, he got in all right. The Indians were almost equal to Job's Comforters for your mother. They would say to her, "The Road Maker"—that was my Indian name—"will freeze to death. No white man can stand such cold as we have had."

I will now, for the present at least, drop the reminiscences and take up more direct personal history of our labor among the Indians under government employ; the massacre of 1862, the causes that led to it, our escape from the massacre, etc., etc.



CHAPTER XI.

IN the fall of 1859, Hon. J. R. Brown, who was the Indian agent, wanted us to go to Red Irons village and teach government school at that village. After talking the subject over with my wife and friends, we concluded to go. We reached the village some time in November, 1859. We lived one year in a rough log house, but got along quite comfortably. The next year the government built quite a good sized brick house with a good cellar under it and several rooms in the house. One room was specially designated as the school room. We taught all that would come to be taught. A few of them learned to read their own language tolerably well. In the spring of the year I helped them in their farm work much more than the man did that lived at the agency, and was called the Indian farmer. I helped them plow, made rakes and hoe handles, and ax handles, almost by the cart load for them. In the winter I helped them make several sleds; perhaps it would be more accurate to say I made several sleds for them.

On the morning of August 18, 1862, the terrible Sioux massacre burst upon the country with its horrors. Probably more than one hundred persons had been killed before we were aware of there being any danger. As I am writing more especially of our escape as a family, and as I have always said there was a special

providence in it, it appears to be necessary to particularize, to some extent, our location and some of the circumstances connected with our escape and with quite a number of others also. As I have already written, we were located at Red Irons village as government teachers. Hazlewood mission station, maintained by the A. B. C. F. M., was some twelve miles east of us near the Minnesota river, but not exactly on it. Some six miles east of this mission station was the Indian agency. The agent had his headquarters there and we went there for our mail and part of our supplies. About forty-five miles east of the agency was Fort Ridgely. Twelve miles west of the Fort was what we called the Lower agency. They had a government physician, a farmer and blacksmith, and several other government employes there. At this lower agency was where the general massacre commenced early on Monday morning, August 18, 1862. Near the middle of the week, immediately before the massacre, Amos W. Huggins, our nephew, who was also a government teacher, and was located some thirteen miles still west of us, came past our house on his way to the agency. He stopped with us for dinner. After dinner he asked me to go with him to the agency. As the Indians were most of them gone then, and little or no teaching to do, I went with him. Either at the mission or the agency I got several letters from my friends near St. Peter. Among them was one from James W. Holtsclaw. He told me he had just enlisted in the service of his country, and would be very glad to have me come and take charge of his farm and stock during his absence. As I was loyal to the core, and was willing to do all I could to help suppress the rebellion, and didn't feel that I was doing much where I was, I concluded almost immediately that I ought to accept J. W. Holtsclaw's proposition. Agent Galbraith was not at home, but his clerk was there and appeared quite surprised that I had so suddenly concluded to leave the

department. He had no money on hands to pay me, but gave me a small draft. I think this was the Thursday immediately preceding the outbreak. I made arrangements before going home for two teams to come up on Monday and take us as far as the Mission. I went home and packed up everything ready for moving on Monday. We waited until about noon Monday, but no teams came. I then hired an Indian man who had a good yoke of oxen and cart to take a load for us. We also got Red Irons oxen and wagon and loaded it up and hired another Indian to drive it. They started sometime afternoon, and our boys, Albert and William with them, driving a cow and calf. There being quite a bad place in the road some three miles from our house, I went out to see them safely through that. I told your mother before starting that if I didn't meet one of the teams I had engaged I would get a Red Irons horse and one-horse wagon and we, that is, your mother, Laura, Alice and myself, would drive down to the Mission late in the afternoon. She told the chief what I had said and by the time I got back to the house the chief was there with his horse and wagon. We had some goods still left in the house, but as Red Iron was going to move into the house we thought they would be safe until I could come for them. It was well along in the afternoon before we all left the house. Some four miles from the house we met one of the teams I had engaged, going up, expecting to stay at our house over night, and take a load down in the morning. As it was a fifteen year-old son of Mr. Riggs that was driving the team, and knowing it would be in the night before he could get home, I proposed to exchange places with him. Of course he readily accepted the proposition. With him in his wagon was a young Indian man and wife that made their home at Red Irons village. They rode on with me and told me about the war the Indians had that very morning waged against the white people. I felt

somewhat suspicious that there might be more reality in what he said than there usually was in flying reports. I went on to our vacated house, loaded up the remainder of our goods and started back near sundown. Just as I reached the main traveled road I fell in company with two Indian men that excited my suspicions of danger very considerably. One of the men had started down with the teams I had started, but not as a driver. He had heard something of what was going on, and had gone back for his brother. I knew them to be bad men. They both got in the wagon and rode with me. I asked them why they were going to the agency so late in the day, and their reply was that they very much wanted some tobacco and were going down to get it. They, nor I either, said a word about the war that was then raging only a few miles from us. When about a mile and a half from the Mission we could see by starlight some object coming towards us. The men that were riding with me both cocked their guns, so as to be ready for any emergency. It turned out to be the two men who had taken loads down for me, and had started back, as I had good reason to believe, with the object of taking the team I was driving. When we met they caught the horses by the heads and stopped them. I discovered at once who they were and asked them what they meant. They said they meant to have the horses and went on to say, "The white people are being killed and are all going to be killed, and you get off this wagon and keep quiet." As there were four Indian men around me and each with a loaded gun in his hands, all I could do was to surrender. I asked them where my wife and children were, whether they had been killed? They said no, they were down at Mr. Riggs' house, calling him by his Indian name.

Instead of taking Red Iron's oxen and wagon back with them as they were expected to do, they had taken his horse that my wife and girls had gone down with. When I surrendered my

wagon and team to them they said you may have this horse to ride. I accepted the offer and took a buffalo robe I was sitting on and threw it on the horse and got on him. I started on the road that led directly to where my family was. They said to me, "You had better not go that road, you had better go this one." We were just at the forks of the road. I turned and went a few rods according to their directions. I wheeled about and said to them, "I am not going that road, I am going this one." They replied, "Well, go along then, but somebody will kill you before you get to the house where your family is." I went, notwithstanding their predictions of evil befalling me.

From that night to this present day, July 26, 1889, it has been a wonder to me what object they had in view in directing me to take the road I did not take. When I got to the mission premises and joined my family and other friends and reported being robbed, they at once concluded there was something serious going on.

The hostile Indians were then only five or six miles from us, had already fatally wounded S. B. Garvey, a clerk in Nathan Myric's store, if I am not mistaken, and were robbing all of the stores to their heart's content. Mr. Riggs, our missionary brother had read the forty-sixth psalm at family worship and then poured out his whole soul to God in prayer, as one who knew that God was able to protect his own children in any emergency, though entirely out of reach of all human aid. The friendly Indians were really the only human help we had, and it was but very little they could do. They urged us to leave the mission premises and hide ourselves on an island in the Minnesota river until the next night. We finally concluded the best thing we could do was to follow their instructions, in part at least.

I think it was near one o'clock Tuesday morning when we left the mission. We had one two-horse wagon and a light buggy.

We went to the river as directed by the Christain and friendly Indians. As the banks were high and the water deep, we could not cross with the conveyances at all. We all crossed over in a canoe, and by the time we all got safely landed on the island it was getting quite light. As our flight had been in the dead hours of the night, and in somewhat of a hurry, our supply of food was very scant. Sometime after sunrise a friendly voice called to us from the opposite side of the river. We knew it to be the voice of a woman. Some one of the company ventured out to see who it was and what was wanted. To our great joy it proved to be a good Indian woman with quite a back-load of bread. Our mission friends, Riggs and Cunningham, kept a boarding school and had on that bloody Monday baked a large batch of bread, but in our hasty departure we had forgotten to take it. This good woman, Rainbow, was her name, had gone into the house occupied by Mr. Cunningham, and there found the bread, and instead of using it herself, as she might have done, without let or hindrance, she brought it to us. I have forgotten what exclamations of joy burst forth from our lips, but we undoubtedly thanked God and took courage.

There was another party hiding from the Indians some two miles from us farther down the river. They were nearer the hostiles than we were. About noon on Tuesday, one of the party, Mr. Andrew Hunter, a son-in-law of Dr. Williamson came up to see us and talk about a way of escape. However firmly we believed in the protecting care of our Heavenly Father, we also believed in making use of all prudent means within our reach to get away from danger as fast as possible. After talking the whole affair over with Mr. Hunter as dispassionately as we could under the circumstances, it was agreed that he should come up with his teams and we would all start out together. He had two wagons, one drawn by a yoke of oxen, the other by a span of

horses. Before Mr. Hunter came along with his teams, some of us thought best to go back across the river and find some of the horses we had driven down there in the night, if they were to be found. Mr. Cunningham and I went back and found one horse. When we got back to where our folks had been they were all gone. They had done just what we had told them to do before we left them; that was, not to wait for us. Mr. Hunter came along soon after Mr. Cunningham and I had left. A kind providence sent a heavy shower of rain with lightning and thunder about the time our folks left their hiding place. This storm prevented the hostiles from seeing us, as they might otherwise have done, and also made it more difficult to follow our tracks. When Mr. Cunningham and I came back to the river we mutually agreed to separate. He was anxious to take the horse and buggy knowing they were badly needed. He was obliged to go down the river some considerable distance to a crossing, or ford. I crossed in a canoe and soon found which way the teams had gone. It was very difficult at times to see any indications of a track at all. I could see enough to show pretty near the course they were going. Finally I came in sight of them and pretty soon overtook them. We were all quite anxious about Mr. Cunningham before he overtook us; I think it was near sundown. I believe there were just thirty-six all told, now in the company. We traveled on until near dark. We dared not make a fire, either to keep the mosquitoes off, nor to attempt anything like cooking. It was well for us all that Mr. Hunter had three good milch cows with him. During the day their calves would take all the milk, but at night we would tie the calves up and milk the cows in the morning and each one of the company would get quite a good drink of fresh milk. There were persons in our company that I suppose had never before tasted warm cow's milk. There was a gentleman and lady out from New Jersey on

a bridal trip. They had been stopping at Mr. Riggs' several days before the outbreak. They were educated and cultured people. It was a rough experience for them, but to their credit be it said, we never heard a murmur of discontent, or complaint of hardship from either of them.

When it rained on us at night, as it did two or three nights, all we could do was just to let it rain. Wednesday we traveled all day without a road; Thursday the same. We stopped on Thursday and slaughtered a two-year-old heifer. We had traveled about as long as we could on such short allowances. Some of the men went nearly a mile for wood, and had to wade a deep slough before they could get any. By the time they got to camp with wood, the rest of us had killed and dressed the young cow. We soon had a fire and then every one that was big enough went to roasting and eating beef. All the cooking vessels or utensils we had were two three-quart camp kettles. In them we boiled quite a lot of the beef to take with us. We remained there all the afternoon and night.

Next morning, Friday, it was clear and beautiful. When we started we changed our course of travel, going towards the Minnesota river. Our progress had necessarily been very slow, as we had traveled without a road and had to pick our way through lakes and sloughs, and quite a large portion of our company had to walk and wade, there was no alternative. By going a south-eastern course on Friday, we ran onto dangerous ground sooner than we had anticipated. We struck the road leading from Fort Ridgeley to what was called the Lower Agency, the place where the general massacre commenced on Monday morning. We were but a few miles from the agency. We traveled on towards the Fort with palpitating hearts, not knowing who held the Fort, whether the Indians or a handful of soldiers. But I am getting ahead a little too fast.

Just as we were about starting on Friday afternoon. Dr. Williamson with his wife and sister caught up with us. He had remained at his house about twenty-four hours after our company had left. Some of the friendly Indians had gone with him until he had found our track, and followed us three days before overtaking us. As there were only three of them to a yoke of oxen and wagon, they had made much better headway than we had. The doctor had heard by way of friendly Indians, before leaving home, that the soldiers at the Fort had all been killed. Though not fully believing the report, it made us fearful that such might be the fact, and if it was so, the probability was that we were hastening to our own death. Our company now numbered forty-three persons. We had been joined the second or third day out by four young men, three of them Germans, the other a Scotch-Canadian. Not far from sundown that evening we saw three Indian men come up on a high piece of ground not far from us, and appeared to take a deliberate look at us. We were glad they did nothing more. We had four guns in the company, but one of them was worthless, the others were single barreled Indian shot guns. I think we had no bullets except for the old rifle that wouldn't shoot. So all the defence we could have made would not have amounted to anything.

As we had heard that the Indians held the Fort, we thought it best to ascertain the truth of the matter. Sometime late in the afternoon Mr. Andrew Hunter took the buggy we had and drove on to the Fort. I think it was dark when he got near the Fort. He left the buggy in some hidden place and crept up so as to find that the soldiers still held the Fort instead of the Indians. He got inside and had an interview with the officer in command. The highest officer they had was lieutenant Shehan. The Indians had been fighting the Fort all day Friday and the officer expected they would renew the attack Saturday morning. He said they

were almost out of ammunition and had only part of a company, and the Fort was now full of women and children. Under such circumstances, he said we had better drive on to Henderson that night. As Henderson was forty-five miles distant, it was just as impossible for us to drive there that night as it was to drive to the moon. Sometime after Mr. Hunter had gone on with the buggy, Dr. Williamson started on alone and on foot. Being a good walker he was soon out of sight of us. Dark overtook us several miles from the Fort. I was driving the foremost team, a large red yoke of oxen belonging to Dr. Williamson. The oxen shied at the body of a dead man lying with his feet almost in the road. My first thought was that it was either Dr. Williamson or Mr. Hunter. A sickening smell very soon dispelled that thought. I suppose it can be said in truth, that for once at least, I was glad to smell a dead person. I was as far as possible from being glad that some man or boy had been killed there, but only glad to have the assurance that it was not one of our party. About a mile and a half from the Fort we met Mr. Hunter and Dr. Williamson coming back. We called a halt and held a council. Some of our party appeared almost determined to go to the Fort. It was understood by all parties that if we went to the Fort they would take us in.

The Fort was not a fortified one like Fort Snelling at all. The Indians had fired some of the outbuildings, and the soldiers had fired some that day, each hoping to gain some advantage over the other by so doing. We had quite a discussion whether to drive on to the Fort or leave the road and take to the prairie. Dr. Williamson was the oldest man in the company and had two teams. He finally said, "As for me, my family and teams, we are not going into the Fort." Then he said, "Drive on." That settled all controversy. I was driving one of his teams, as before mentioned. I put whip to the oxen and they all followed. We

left the road and took to the prairie. We traveled until two o'clock in the morning before we stopped to rest. We never got out of sight of the burning buildings at the Fort during the night. We rested just two hours—hours of danger and suspense. We were not far from the road leading from Fort Ridgley to Henderson and as we could make better headway on a road than we could on the prairie without a road, we followed the road when we struck it.

This was Saturday morning. We had now been four days and nights, doing little more nor less than running the gauntlet. This morning the four young men spoken of heretofore detetermined to leave us, and leave us they did. I believe they left against the earnest protest of every one of our company that said anything on the subject. I don't remember of saying a word one way or another. We stopped about seven o'clock in the morning to rest a little while, and while there we heard very distinctly the guns that killed all four of those young men. With emphasis and with the utmost propriety might we well exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "The Lord of hosts was there with us; the God of Jacob was our refuge."

We started on soon after hearing the guns. We almost knew they were the death knells of those four young men who had left us. We traveled on until three o'clock in the afternoon before stopping again. Our teams must have rest, even at the risk of our lives. This time we stopped at a farm house, and on going in we found the table with all the dishes on it, looking as though the family had just finished a meal. We saw no indication of murder having been committed on the premises. We found a crock, or jar of cream just right for making biscuit. We made use of as much of it as we needed. We also hunted up the potato field, and green corn, and took as much of them as we needed. We committed no unnecessary outrage whatever. Here

for the first time since Monday night, we had nearly a good square meal and rested three hours. At six we started on and traveled until ten at night.

Sabbath morning after having prayer—I believe we invariably had prayer every night and morning—we started and went only about four miles, where we met a great number of settlers going back to their homes. We stopped and rested the remainder of the day. In the afternoon we had religious services conducted by Rev. S. R. Riggs, if I remember correctly. No doubt but others joined in the services, but I have forgotten who they were.

Monday morning we separated, some going to St. Peter, some to St. Anthony and some to St. Paul. Probably very few of us ever experienced just such sensations at separating with friends, either before or since, as we did then. Our friends had nearly all given us up for lost.

You remember we went to St. Peter. We took dinner at Mr. Cronin's, and after dinner, you remember, I got a chance to ride with some one and went on and left you, being, as we all thought, out of danger, and I no longer having charge of a team, I got into St. Peter an hour or more before you did. My friends were almost as much surprised to see me as they would have been to see a man rise from the dead. You remember how long you had to wait outside of military lines before you got into St. Peter among friends. We all felt greatly relieved to be among friends, and also felt that our escape was, to use Scripture language, because the good hand of our God was upon us and over us.

One item more in relation to Dr. Williamson's escape. He with his wife and sister remained in their mission home some twenty-four hours after we left. He said he felt sure the Lord had sent him to labor as a missionary among the Sioux, and he didn't feel like fleeing at the first approach of danger. Finally one of his church members, Simon (Anawangami) came to him

and told him he must go. He said they could not bear to see him killed, as he certainly would be if he remained much longer. It was utterly impossible for the Christain and friendly Indians to protect a single individual, unless they could hide them so securely that the hostile Indians could not find them, and to do such a thing as that was outside of the range of possibilities. Simon brought his own oxen and wagon, and almost compelled the doctor to go. It was certainly well that he did, for if he had been killed then, to all human appearance, his life work would not have been completed. He lived and labored a number of years after that, expressly for the good of the Indians. Perhaps the most important work he did after that was in connection with Rev. S. R. Riggs, completing the translation of the entire Bible into the Dakota language. There was something rather pathetic in relation to that work too. He was nearing his eightieth birthday and was fast failing in health and strength. He said he must hold out until they completed the translation of the Bible. He did so, and died soon afterwards.

If I have been correctly informed, Rev. S. R. Riggs also appeared to lengthen out his days to some extent by force of will. He was sick and had little or no hope of recovering. His youngest son, Robert, was in Germany. He said he must live until "Robbie" got home; he did so, but died soon afterwards.

I proposed to say something of the causes that led to the terrible massacre of 1862. The immediate cause was their disappointment at not receiving their annuities at the usual time. I give this simply as my own individual opinion. Always heretofore they had received their annuities, money and provisions about the first of July. It was now past the middle of August and no indications so far as they could see, of either goods or money coming.

The storm had been brewing for at least ten years. Ever since

the treaties of Mendota and Traversedessieux, in 1851, there had been a widespread and deeply seated dissatisfaction prevailing most, if not all of the bands treated with at that time. It would not do for me to say that there was intentional deception practiced on the part of the honorable commissioners, Gov. Ramsey and Luke Lee, but I do say that some of the treaty stipulations were construed differently from what the Indians had understood them. Still, I don't adduce this as evidence that intentional deception was practiced on them. I remember very well that only a few years ago our own nation and the English government entered into treaty stipulations on some particular subject, I have forgotten what, and very soon there was considerable misunderstanding between the two governments as to the scope and intent of some of the stipulations. It was called the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, if I am not mistaken, was Secretary of State at that time. It is quite a supposable case that if the only two English speaking nations in the world should not understand each other fully, that it would be much easier for a misunderstanding to arise between parties speaking entirely different languages.

I was at Traversedessieux when the first payment was made after the treaty of 1851. I know that some of the chiefs refused for some time to take the money because, as they said, the government was not fulfilling their part of the contract. Red Iron was so opposed to receiving the money that Gov. Ramsey ordered him arrested by the U. S. soldiers. They did arrest him and held him as a prisoner for some considerable length of time. I don't now remember on what terms he was released. Second, the great disagreement between the government agents and the Indians was in relation to a sum of money spoken of in the treaty. The amount, if I remember correctly, was \$200,000. The Indians understood that that amount was to be divided

among the chiefs and their friends at the first payment, or before the first payment under the treaty. But instead of the chiefs receiving that amount it was divided among the Indian traders. They talked over that for nearly ten years before the outbreak of 1862. Nor was that all the grounds of complaint they had. But I am getting ahead a little too fast.

The 4th of March, 1853, there was a change of administration. Governor Ramsey as superintendent of Indian affairs for Minnesota, and Major McLane as agent, were disposed of, and Willis A. Gorman, of Indiana, was appointed governor and Major Murphy, of Illinois, as agent.

The Whig party was now dead and buried, never to be resurrected under that name. A good many of its political doctrines were taken up and embodied in the Republican platform, and remain there still, whether right or wrong.

Soon after Governor Gorman assumed the duties of his office, he commenced a suit of investigation against Governor Ramsey. He wanted to thoroughly sift his conduct as superintendent of Indian affairs. To use a slang phrase, he made a great splurge. He had witnesses summoned from every direction. I was before the court two days. The first day Governor Gorman asked the questions and the second day Governor Ramsey asked them. If I do say it myself, neither of them entangled me in the least. The finding of the court of inquiry, with the evidence, was referred to the United States senate. That dignified body not only exonerated Governor Ramsey from all blame, but commended him for the course he had pursued. But notwithstanding all this, I feel conscious that the Indians had reason to complain.

When those treaties spoken of were made, a well defined reservation was assigned them on the upper Minnesota river. It was twenty miles wide, ten on each side of the river, and one hundred miles long. The bands that lived on the Mississippi river,

and those that lived on the lower Minnesota river were to occupy the eastern, or lower part of that reservation; the other bands the western, or upper part.

In three or four years, probably less than three, after the Indians were located on the reserve, the white people, Ahab like, wanted Naboth's vineyard, or in other words, wanted all that part of the reservation on the north side of the Minnesota river. In order to secure it quite a number of the chiefs were induced to go to Washington City, and there they kept them until they ceded away their right and title to the much coveted territory. Promises were made to them in that second treaty that were never fulfilled, and quite possibly they never would have been had the Indians remained quiet and docile. The last three years we were among them they scarcely talked of anything else but the wrongs heaped upon them by the government and government agents. Of course they magnified their wrongs and by so doing wrought themselves up to desperation. I am as far as possible from saying one word in justification of their wicked and murderous onslaught on the people of Minnesota. Hundreds of those that were killed had probably never wronged an Indian out of a cent.

New Ulm, a town then inhabited almost exclusively by Germans, appeared to have incurred the displeasure of the Indians to a greater extent than any other place in the whole country. I can assign but one reason that appears like a logical one for this being the case, and possibly some of my readers will not accept of my reason being a logical one at last. New Ulm had been selling whisky to the Indians for several years, wholesale and retail. The Indians being wiser, or more knowing than some white men appear to be, felt in their very inmost Indian hearts that New Ulm men had got hundreds of dollars off them and gave them nothing of any value in return. Had it not been for the men of Nicollet, LeSueur and Blue Earth counties rushing to

the rescue, New Ulm would undoubtedly have been almost as completely destroyed as Sodom and Gomorrah.

Perhaps to no other one individual was New Ulm more indebted for their rescue than to Charles E. Flandrau. Captain Dodd, brave almost to rashness, was killed in the defense of New Ulm. Rufus A. Huggins was wounded there, and died in consequence of his wound. Amos W. Huggins, one of the best of men, was shot and almost instantly killed on Tuesday, the second day of the outbreak. His wife and two small children were taken under the special care and protection of the chief of the village where he was teaching. If she had been his own daughter he could not have done better for her than he did. For six long weeks he kept her and her children literally hid so completely that they escaped without receiving insult or injury from any one.

How many persons were killed during the outbreak has always been a matter of dispute, and I suppose will always remain one. The number was no doubt largely exaggerated at first. From the best information I could get, I am led to believe there were at least four hundred killed.

You all know, that is, my own children, that we lived on J. W. Holtsclaw's farm until the spring of 1865. He was killed in the first battle that his regiment, 9th Minnesota, was ever engaged in, battle of Germantown, in Tennessee. Your uncle Thomas Pettijohn was taken prisoner at the same battle and hurried off to that worst of prisons, Andersonville, and was kept there and in one other prison, the name of which I have forgotten, until he was reduced to a mere skeleton, then he was paroled or exchanged, which it was I have also forgotten. You know that he now receives the blind soldier's pension, being totally blind. Your cousin Jonas Pettijohn died in that horrible prison.

But I will now leave these scenes of blood and suffering and add a few more pages of more immediate family history; and in

the meantime hope and pray that the time may be hastened on when the nations shall learn war no more, and the implements of war shall be converted into the implements of agriculture and horticulture, according to Scripture language.

Before taking up family history again, I would notice one or more wrongs imposed upon the Indians by government agents. According to treaty stipulations the Indians were to be supplied with teams, wagons and plows; that is, those among them that were willing to work. The kind of plows furnished them by one superintendent and agent is all I want to speak of. They were cast iron, left handed plows; just such a plow as no Minnesota farmer would have on his farm. It was a well established fact, years before that purchase of plows was made, that a cast iron plow in Minnesota was nothing more nor less than a nuisance. I know they were good plows in the clayey soil of Ohio. I remember very well when I had never seen any other than a wooden mould board to a plow. In the early settlement of Minnesota there were some young men came out from New York. They thought they would show us westerners what a good plow was, and brought on a cast iron plow, but it was of no account. Such was a batch of plows furnished the Indians by the Indian agent. It appeared to me then, and looks very much so yet, as though the agents could hardly have adopted a better plan to prejudice the Indians against farming, than to put them to work with such plows. It appears to me that there can be no irreverence whatever in applying Scripture language to such plows when we say they were "vanity and vexation of spirit."



CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the outbreak you know we lived on J. W. Holtsclaw's farm and had an interest in the stock we raised, which was quite a help to us. In the spring of 1865 we moved into LeSueur county on a small farm I had bought. You remember we had a nice lot of sugar trees, and made some sugar and some molasses as long as we stayed there. There we formed new acquaintances. We might say there was almost a new world opened out before us. You remember our Sabbath school in the log house. They made superintendent of me. You remember we were in a nest of adverse theologians. There was brother W. V. King and wife who were very likely to go off at a tangent, both good people. Then there was brother Kast, an old itinerant of the M. E. church, quite well posted in Scripture, and always ready for controversy. Then there was brother Joe Thomas, a good Campbelite brother. Nor must we forget father Wassmann, a good German Methodist, but perhaps somewhat erratic. Then throw in John Wood and Henry Blake who were neither of them church members at that time. These were the Bible class of our Sunday school. You remember how they used

to engage in controversy until they nearly broke up the school. I was chosen superintendent the second year. I then turned an entirely new leaf. It was this; when any controverted point came up in the class, each member of the class was permitted to give his or her view of it in as few words as they could well do, and when all had expressed their opinion, we dropped the subject right there and then. No rejoinders were permitted. The rule worked well.

I attended a meeting of the synod of Minnesota that fall, and being an elder in the Presbyterian church at LeSueur, I was called upon to make a verbal report of my stewardship. Among other items I told the synod of my Sabbath school work, the rule I had adopted, and how it had worked. The synod heartily approved of my plan, although it may have been tintured somewhat with one man power. The synod was held at Mankato, Blue Earth county. Stephen R. Riggs, D. D., LL. D., preached the opening sermon.

You all remember we had our house burned to the ground in LeSueur county, and no one there but your mother. You remember how hard Albert and I worked in scoring and hewing a set of logs for a new house. The logs were nearly all hard maple, or as we always called them in Ohio, sugar tree. I must not omit saying to the credit of our neighbors in the big woods, and to some others, that we got considerable help after being burned out. Fred Denzer donated flooring for both floors of our new house. You remember he owned a little saw mill on the creek near to us. I believe Mr. Wood donated most of the shingles from his shingle machine. I know the help we got was considerable and I believe we appreciated it highly.

You remember when Mr. R. P. Ashcraft and E. A. Dodge moved into the woods, literally into the woods. They each put up log houses, but I believe they put them up round; that is,

without hewing the logs. A little act of kindness secured their friendship and it lasts until now. Mr. Ashcraft came to invite me to help him raise his house. I learned from him that they had lately moved into the woods, and were living in a tent and wagons. It was quite early in the season for new potatoes, but as we had plenty of nice ones, I dug a considerable little bunch and took with me when I went to the raising. They were very glad to get them. In the evening when I was about starting home they offered to pay me for the potatoes. I told them no, I had brought the potatoes because I thought they needed them, and wouldn't take a cent for them. We always afterwards, as neighbors, found them good and true; generous to a fault. In fact all of our neighbors in the big woods were good neighbors. I remember at one election in Tyrone township, there were only five straight Republican votes cast in the township. You remember our little Presbyterian preacher from LeSueur who used to come out sometimes and preach for us in our log school house. It was something of an eye-opening experience to him. He somehow or other made the discovery that his plainly dressed hearers out in the big woods knew a good deal more of the Bible than his more elegantly dressed hearers in town did.

January, 1868 you know William and I were sick nigh unto death, with pneumonia. I remember, perhaps you do not, the night I was taken we had a big debate in the school house, on the woman suffrage question. Mr. S. Kast and Mrs. W. V. King in favor, and Mr. W. V. King and I opposed. I believe it was generally conceded that Mrs. King made the best speech. I have often thought that that night's debate had a good deal to do with the severe spell of sickness I had immediately after it. I do not wish to be understood as saying the position I occupied on that question had any direct influence in bringing on my sickness, but I do think it quite possible that being shut up in a

very warm room, crowded almost to suffocation, and then going out into the keen, biting Minnesota air with the mercury some twenty degrees below zero, had a good deal to do with my sickness. Minnesota is called a very healthy state. Nor could I rob it of its laurels if I were to try. I would say this, however, that I paid heavier doctor bills for the time I lived there, than I have in Kansas for the same number of years.



CHAPTER XIII.

IN the fall of 1868 I sold my little farm in LeSeueur county, Minnesota, and moved to Linn county, Kansas. We were about six weeks on the road, counting the time we stopped in Nodowa county, Missouri. We stopped there almost two weeks visiting with a nephew I had not seen for twenty-seven years. We made the trip with but little trouble or loss. You remember we started in company with four or five other families, and traveled with them until we came to Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Our objective point was Linn county, Kansas, and as we had shipped some of our goods to Kansas City, we were obliged to go by that city and get them. Our traveling companions wanted to go by way of Des Moines city to visit some of their friends, but as I had no friends there to visit, and as it was making the road nearly a hundred miles longer, I chose to go alone on the road I had selected.

You remember we had company just one day, and it turned out to be just such company as we didn't want. They came to our camp while we all slumbered and slept and stole half of our lines. They pulled out in the morning before we did, and before we knew what they had done. We overtook them at the crossing of the river, but of course they were as innocent as innocence itself.

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Linn being an old settled county, there was no homesteading to be done that we could hear of, and as we were not able to buy a farm all we could do was to rent one. The only one we could find in the county to rent was as undesirable a farm as could be found in the county. Besides being in an out of the way place it was on the north bank of Big Sugar, a sluggish, deep, malarial stream, and as might have been expected, we were all sick the first summer we were there. Doctor's bills. We all had the ague. Strange to tell, we all lived through the acclimating process and are all living yet. We raised quite a good crop for the amount of ground we had in, and got along without going in debt very much. Late in the month of November, 1869, I went to Pleasanton, a point on the Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis rail road to get a load to haul to Ft. Scott, or Baxter Springs. The road was completed to Pleasanton that fall, but no farther. Consequently there was a great deal of hauling done in almost every direction. I went into the office late one cold, drizzly evening, and inquired if I could get a load to Ft. Scott or Baxter Springs. The freight agent gave me a searching look and then replied, verbatim, as follows: "You look like a man that didn't drink much whisky; we will let you have a load of whisky to haul." Then the following colloquy ensued, almost if not quite verbatim. I replied, "I won't haul your whisky." "You won't, hey?" "No, I won't." "Why, you are very conscientious about it." "Just that conscientious that I will go home without a load before I will touch your whisky." He then replied, he would give me a load of groceries. One of the clerks came rushing out and said, "Where is that man that won't haul whisky? I want to shake hands with him. He is the first man I have seen in Kansas that wouldn't haul whisky." We had a good shake hands, and I got all the load I was able to haul, and more too some places. The inference I draw from this little episode is this; a

man will seldom, if ever, loose anything by avowing his principles on all proper occasions. It is not absolutely necessary for us to condemn every one that don't believe just as we do, and, on the other hand, it is not required of us to succumb to others' opinions merely to please them.

You remember that William went to Montgomery county and made one or two claims and raised two crops, or at least did his best to. His first effort in 1872 was almost an entire failure. I hardly know how we did get through that winter and the next summer. I believe we always had plenty to eat. The summer of 1873 Will raised a good crop of corn and potatoes, and we were increasing our stock of cattle and hogs quite nicely. Then our affairs took another turn or two. Will had always from his boyhood a great desire to see the ocean and be a sailor. He had now passed his twenty-first year, and with the full consent of his father and mother he left home on the 5th day of October, 1873, bound for the Pacific coast.

In just one month from the time he left the parental roof, our daughter Laura was married to J. S. Stevens, of Clay county, and left in a few days after being married. Your mother and I got along quite comfortably that winter, it being a very mild one.

I had the honor of being justice of the peace in Rutland township, Montgomery county, Kansas. I married several couples the last year I was there; among others our own daughter.

On the 28th of April, 1874, I left Rutland township, Montgomery county, Kansas, and started with old Puss, an old buggy and a small dog we called Queen, for Clay county, Kansas. I got to J. S. Stevens', our son-in-law, early in the morning the 7th of May. I got to his house just in time to go with him to Clay Center for your mother and our household goods. She came in on the morning train that same morning, having come from Independence, Montgomery county, by rail.

One word in relation to our church connection. As has already been stated, we were Presbyterians by birthright and education. We brought our letter from the Presbyterian church at LeSueur, Minnesota. Upon that letter we were accepted into full membership in the M. E. church at Walnut Grove, Linn county, Kansas. I have not forgotten the spirited controversy we had with brother William Whitney, the preacher in charge, the day we (your mother and I) handed in our Presbyterian letter. We had just organized a Union Sunday school and I was chosen superintendent. Brother Whitney inquired what kind of Sunday school we had, whether Union or Methodist. We told him Union. It appeared to displease him very considerably, and he claimed the right as pastor of the church to organize an M. E. Sunday school. He said the American Sunday School Union taught Calvinism pure and simple, in its publications. I replied that I had been a reader of the Union's literature for all of forty years and that I had never seen a word of Calvinism in any of their publications. He stuck to it, knowing it to be there. I finally asked him if he had ever read any of it in their publications. He acknowledged that he never had, but some good brother had told him that he had both seen and read Calvinism in the publications of the American Sunday School Union. Poor man! Second hand evidence don't generally go very far in a court of justice. Finally brother William Stites, brother Whitney's class leader there, came to my relief most nobly. He told brother Whitney just how the matter stood there. He scored his Methodist brethren to the red every lick. He gave brother Whitney to understand that it was a Union Sunday school and was going to continue to be one, and so it did. From that time to this I have frequently thought I have seen unnecessary opposition to Union Sabbath schools, and in justice to the different denominations I would say, no where have I found the opposition

any stronger than in the U. B. and M. E. churches. They appear to have entirely forgotten that the American Sunday School Union is the mother of us all. I have no objection whatever to denominational schools. They are all right and proper in their sphere. I liked brother W. as a man and as a preacher. We always got along finely after our first acquaintance.

In Montgomery county the preacher in charge very unexpectedly to me, gave me an exhorters license. I brought our letter from the M. E. church and the license to Clay county with me.

The M. E. brethren had no regular preaching here at that time and as the U. B. had, your mother and I handed in our letters and were received into their church at the Star school house, Rev. Euphrates Shepherd being preacher in charge at that time. They continued my exhorters license from year to year, until the 13th of May, 1882, at which time they gave me a local preacher's license. From that time to the present that is the relation I have sustained in the United Brethren church. It appears now almost like a misnomer to call them United Brethren, especially since the meeting of the last general conference, which met last May in York, Pennsylvania. There was a division there into two bodies, each body calling themselves the general conference of the United Brethren in Christ. Now we have two different bodies of men each calling themselves bishops of the United Brethren church. There is certainly something out of joint or a screw loose somewhere, or there could not exist such a paradoxical state of affairs. If they would act as sensibly as the Presbyterian church did in 1837, the problem might possibly be solved. They called themselves the Old School Presbyterian church and the New School Presbyterian church. And after being separated the third of a century, they united without a word of concession from either side. They came to themselves as the prodigal did and mutually embraced each other as brethren. The United

Brethren church will probably, sooner or later, do the same thing. I shall probably not live to see such an event take place, but have scarcely a doubt of just such an occurrence in less than a third of a century.



CHAPTER XIV.

I DESIGN in this chapter to go back to my early boyhood days and say something more particular about how things were done then, so that my readers, whoever they may be, can see more clearly that they are living in a different world almost, from what I was born and brought up in.

First, as to farming implements, our common blacksmiths made all of our plows, the iron part, all of our hoes and all of our iron pitchforks. By far the larger part of our pitchforks grew in the woods. The dogwood appeared to be specially designed by the Creator of all things to supply the backwoods farmer with hay forks and his wife with the distaff for spinning her flax. When the dogwood was well seasoned it was nearly as hard as iron and would be really smoother than home-made iron forks.

As to our plows, every blacksmith made the iron part of them and almost every farmer could stock his own plow, or in other words, make the wooden part of it. I think my father always made his own plow beams, handles and mould boards. I had several uncles, however, that was not mechanical enough to stock a plow. I was nearly grown before I ever saw any other kind of plow than the wooden mould board. Our harrows were invariably made of wood, teeth and all. Our hoes were rough, heavy things. I suppose, however, they were about such as we needed

among the roots of forest trees, elders, briars, etc. I remember we had one blacksmith that was considerably in advance of the average. His name was Jerry Grant. He used to make scythes and augers. I think he was also a gunsmith.

Away back before my father's death, wheat was all cut with sickles. Whisky was thought to be an indispensable article in harvest. My father some how or other got it into his head and heart too, to dispense with the vile stuff and cut his wheat without it. I remember very well seeing two of the best reapers in the country leave him just because he refused any longer to furnish whisky. I remember how the old oak log looked that they crossed a little creek on, that run through our farm. They were mad; counted themselves insulted. One of them considered himself smart and showed his smartness by a slang couplet he made about my father. It was as follows:

"Tom Pettijohn, a Presbyterian Jew,
One-half devil and the other half too."

Would I not be a degenerate son of a worthy father if I did not set my face as a flint against drinking liquor as a luxury or beverage. My only wonder is, that I didn't break over all restraint and become a drunkard. I had a natural liking for any and all kinds of liquor I ever tasted in my young manhood days.

As to our raising corn, how different from now. We plowed our ground as best we could among stumps and roots. By the way, some of our wooden mould board plows did excellent work. Then, as now, there was a great difference in plows as well as in plowmen. When our ground was plowed we crossed it off one way, or marked it off as we say now. We made but one row at a time instead of three or four as they do here. When our field or piece of corn ground was crossed out, we then were ready for planting. A man that could make pretty straight rows would furrow out and a smart girl or boy would follow after and drop the corn. If the ground was mellow and nice two big boys or

two men could just about keep up with a plow. If the ground was rough and stumpy we needed three hands to cover the corn as it needed to be covered. Then in cultivating corn how different from now. We always went twice in a row, until the last time or laying by, then we went three times. And how different too was our corn gathering from now. We would nearly always have two sets of hands. One set to pull the corn, husk and all, and throw it on the ground in heaps. We always tried to have from two to four hands to haul, and would throw the corn so as to have the heaps opposite each other, with one corn row between them for the wagon or sled, as the case might be, to pass over. Sometimes the hands would get to racing, as they called it, trying to throw up their heap sooner than the other side did. The corn would fly at a fearful rate for a little while then. Such occurrences didn't generally last very long, and it was well they did not, for in their haste to beat the other fellows a considerable part of the corn would be left on the ground.

Corn husking was another jolly time. The corn was generally thrown in a circular heap. If the owner had a good sized corn crib, as some had, the corn would be thrown up against the side of the crib. In that case the huskers would throw the corn into the crib as they husked it. We nearly always had the corn heap divided, and the hands divided by choice under captains and frequently there would be a good deal of corn cribbed husk and all. The corn heap was divided by a fence rail being laid upon it, and not unfrequently, if not watched very closely, the rail would be moved just as far as the one moving it thought he dare do it without being detected. That operation, you know, would shorten one end of the heap of corn and lengthen the other. Then some men were very skillful in hiding corn among the husks. That was done too, to make it appear that the other side had got beat. We always saved our husks about as care-

fully as we did our corn. To pen up the husks was part and parcel of the job at corn huskings. That would always bring to light the cheating that had been done in hiding corn among the husks. Not a very good education for boys.

I remember having been at a corn husking the 12th of November, 1833. The morning of the 13th, if I am not mistaken, was the great meteoric shower, as it was called. I was the first one of our family to see it. You may readily believe that I was surprised when I opened the door and looked out. Shooting stars, as we always called them, were to be seen in every direction. I think we could see hundreds at the same time. I was not long in waking the whole family to witness the wonderful phenomenon, for such it certainly was. My mother being a good Christian woman and withal something of an astronomer, I think she was not in the least frightened by such an ærial exhibition. I remember it was said of one wicked blacksmith living some four or five miles from us, that he kept his eye on the morning star very closely. He said if he had seen it start from its place he would have concluded the last day had surely come.

There were two sources of amusement, or pastime, that were very attractive to me in my boyhood days. They were the spelling school and coon hunting. I hardly know now which I liked best. The night could hardly be too dark or too cold for me to go to spelling school. I thought I was quite a good speller, and I guess would have graded higher fifty-five or sixty years ago than I would now. Coon hunting too was always an exhilaration to me. The old coon dog's voice or deep bellowing was genuine music to my boyish ears.

There were two objects that I was specially afraid of in my boyhood days. Ghosts and mad dogs were a terror to me, but in truth I never saw either the one or the other.

Within less than three miles of my father's farm there were

three distilleries. I suppose, of course, they were small affairs, but plenty large enough to supply all demands in that new country. And large enough too to make drunkards on all sides of us. I remember very distinctly of two of our neighbors literally drinking themselves to death in the woods with their jugs by their sides. They were brothers and there was several years difference in the time of their deaths. It was then "like priest, like people," everybody drank occasionally. But a better day was dawning even in my father's day, as has already been noticed.

At quite an early period in my life there were some five hundred Virginia Negroes liberated by their master who lived in England, and were sent to Ohio and located in the green woods in Brown county, Ohio. It was not far from the time my father died; but whether before or after, I am unable to say. Their master's name was Guest. He made ample provisions in his will for their comfort and support while they were opening out their farms, but his agents in Ohio were dishonest men, no doubt, and did not do half as well by the poor ignorant negroes as they might have done with the money that was entrusted to them. In the first place, they bought very poor, flat land for them. They were located in two different settlements some fifteen miles apart. We always called the settlement the "Nigger Camps." One of the settlements was only about three miles from our house. I used to be acquainted with a large proportion of them. We had a good orchard on our farm, and I am sure my mother gave them Negroes more apples than they got at any other orchard in the country. As poor and ignorant as the Negroes were, there were plenty of white men mean enough to take advantage of them in almost every way they could. About one of the meanest ways they had in taking advantage of them, was selling them old worn-out horses. Mother used to oppose all such meanness. They used to make the best baskets I have ever seen; they made them of good oak splits.

I was not only acquainted with free negroes, but occasionally had the chance of making the acquaintance of a runaway slave. We only lived about twenty miles from the Ohio river and more than one fugitive have I seen escaping from his Kentucky master.

As an appendix, I will now add a few more pages of general family history and bring my undertaking to a close. As has already been stated in the preceding pages of this work, my ancestors came from Wales. I have it as something like legendary history or tradition, that there were three brothers came from Wales, probably in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Their names were said to have been Little. One of the brothers was quite a small man and his name was John. Instead of calling him John Little, his name was reversed and he was called Little John. Hence originated the name Pettijohn. Be that as it may, my great grandfathers were Absalom Little and Abraham Little and were brothers. I know nothing whatever of my great-grandmothers. As has already been written, Absalom Little raised a daughter, Deborah. She married John Pettijohn. They were my grand parents on my father's side. To them were born children named as follows: James, Richard, Thomas, my father, John, Hester, Comfort and Edward. They all married and some of them raised large families. Only a very few of their children are living now.

Grandfather and mother both died in Ohio. Grandfather died before I can remember anything distinctly about him; though it has always appeared to me that I could remember something about his death. Grandmother made her home most of the time at my father's before his death and continued to do so after his death. She died at my mother's house when I was quite a big boy. I think it was in the summer of 1829 or 1830. My grandparents on my mother's side were William Pettijohn and

Constant Little. I have no date of their marriage; but have of their birth and death. William Pettijohn was born November 3d, 1751 and died April 27th, 1796. Grandmother Constant was born August 24th, 1752 and died October 17th, 1835, aged 83 years. They, too, raised quite a large family, named as follows: Amos, Mary, Ruth, my mother, John, William, Abraham and Isaac. John and William died with some disease in their lower limbs and feet. Isaac, the youngest of the family, went as a substitute for Mr. John Moore in the war of 1812, was wounded in battle and died in consequence of his wound. Four of the family married and raised quite large families. Uncle Amos and nearly all of his children died with consumption many long years ago. He left no one to perpetuate his name.

It appears rather strange to think I had such a large number of cousins and have outlived so many of them. Not more than ten or eleven at most, of a long list of cousins are living, while there are six of my mother's children living, or were not long since. Can I not say without presumption, "It is the Lord's doing, and is marvelous in our eyes."

I will now briefly recapitulate our own family record and close with that recapitulation:

My father, Thomas Pettijohn, Sr., was born in what is now called West Virginia, December 14th, 1780. My mother, Ruth Pettijohn, Sr., was also born in West Virginia, June 24th, 1784.

MARRIAGE.

Thomas Pettijohn, Sr., and Ruth Pettijohn, Sr., were married in West Virginia, August 30, 1802.

DEATHS.

Thomas Pettijohn, Sr., died in Highland county, state of Ohio, August 12, 1824. Ruth Pettijohn, Sr., died in Schuyler county, Illinois, April 11, 1848.

Their children's births, marriages and deaths were as follows as

near as I can ascertain. Their birth dates are all correct: Samuel Pettijohn was born in West Virginia, June 15, 1803. He was married to Abigail Ferguson in Highland county, state of Ohio, near the first of January, 1825. They raised quite a large family of children. Jonas, their fourth son, died in Andersonville prison during the war. Samuel Pettijohn died in Edgar county, Illinois, near the last of September, 1845.

Huldah Pettijohn, Sr., was born in West Virginia, December 17, 1804. She was married to John Milton in Highland county, state of Ohio, near the first of December, 1825. They raised but two children, J. C. and E. P. Milton. The latter is living in Linn county, Kansas, where his father and brother died several years since, but I do not know the date of deaths. Huldah Milton died in the state of Missouri, April 24, 1861.

Boaz Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, August 27, 1806. He died of fits with which he had been afflicted for a number of years, May 3, 1829.

Ruth Pettijohn, Jr., was born in Highland county, Ohio, October 4, 1808. She was never married. As has already been stated in the foregoing pages, she raised and educated her niece, Huldah N. Pettijohn, who is now Mrs. James Aikin, of Adrian, Hancock county, Illinois, with whom she now finds a comfortable home in her old age.

Elias S. Pettijohn, Sr., was born in Highland county, Ohio, May 6, 1810. He was married to Fanny Northcott of Fleming county, Kentucky, June 5, 1836.

DEATHS.

Fanny Pettijohn, wife of E. S. Pettijohn, died in Shelby county, Illinois, August 23, 1838. Elias S. Pettijohn, Sr., died in Shelby county, Illinois, August 26, 1838.

Rhoanna Pettijohn was born in Highland county, Ohio, Febru-

ary 17, 1812. She was married to John Graham in Highland county, state of Ohio, April 22, 1836.

DEATHS.

John Graham died in Sedgwick county, in the state of Kansas, September 22, 1885. His widow, with two sons and three daughters are still living.

Jonas Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, November 5, 1813. Fanny Huggins was born in Brown county, state of Ohio, November 8, 1812. Jonas Pettijohn and Fanny Huggins were married in Schuyler county, state of Illinois, September 27, 1845.

Our family record is as follows, viz: Samuel Wilson Pettijohn was born at Lacquiparle, Minnesota, October 28, 1846; Laura Eliza Pettijohn was born at Lacquiparle, Minnesota, May 6, 1848; Albert Bushnell Pettijohn was born at Lacquiparle, Minnesota, December 29, 1849; William Thomas Pettijohn was born at Traversedessioux, Minnesota, June 3, 1852; Alice Louisa Pettijohn was born at Traversedessioux, Minnesota, July 22, 1854.

DEATHS.

Samuel W. Pettijohn died at Lacquiparle, Minnesota, December 28, 1847, aged 14 months. Alice Louisa Pettijohn died at Traversedessioux, Minnesota, April 22, 1863.

Amos Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, October 3, 1815. He was married to Nancy Ann Calvin, in Brown county, state of Ohio, Nov. 14, 1836. Amos Pettijohn after practicing medicine with unusual good success for forty years, in the state of Indiana, succumbed to the fell Destroyer, and died in Arcadia, Indiana, September 28, 1886.

Sarah Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, November 13, 1817. She was married to John B. Huggins in Schuyler county, Illinois, in February 1838. She with her husband are living near Rye, Colorado.

Mary Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, February 26, 1820. She was married to Jackson Ewing in Highland county, Ohio, soon in the year of 1838. Unfortunately I have lost both the date of her marriage and of Mr. Ewing's death. He died in Schuyler county Illinois.

Titus Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, September 14, 1821. He was married to Mary Jane Moffett in Schuyler county, Illinois, in the summer of 1844. Titus Pettijohn died in Minnesota some time in September, 1863.

Hannah Pettijohn was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, August 12, 1823. She was married to David Pettijohn in Schuyler county, Illinois, in the spring of 1843. Hannah Pettijohn died in Indiana, in April, 1861.

Thomas Pettijohn, Jr., was born in Highland county, state of Ohio, March 2, 1825. He was married to Charity Wisbey in Schuyler county, Illinois, November 17, 1846.

DEATH.

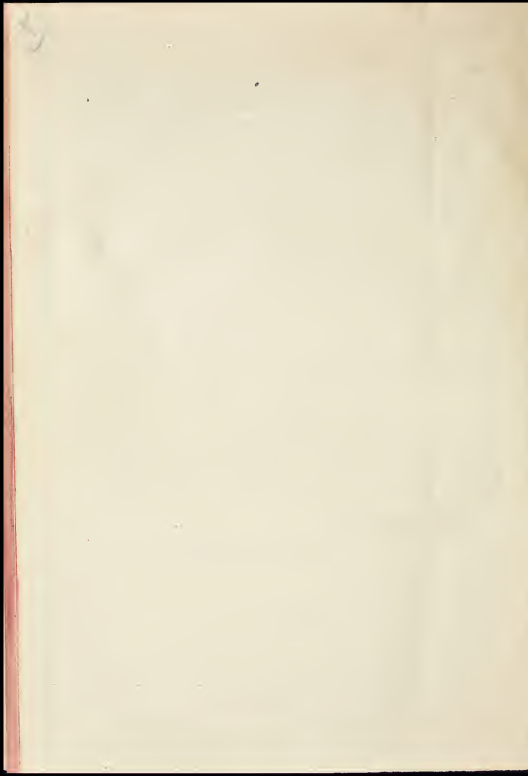
Charity, wife of Thomas Pettijohn, Jr., died in St. Peter, Minnesota, May 18, 1879. One of her daughters in sending me the date of her mother's death, says. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." To which I respond with all my heart, Amen! and Amen!

JONAS PETTIJOHN.

Green, Kansas, January 22, 1890.

THE END.





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